

W I T
W I T H O U T
M O N E Y

A

(7) *Antiqua* A.

T I W

T U O H T I W

Y N O M

A

K. Fletcher (J.)

Wit without Mony,

A

COMEDY,

(With Alterations and Amendments, by
some PERSONS of QUALITY.)

As it is now Acted at the

QUEEN'S THEATRE

In the *HAY-MARKET*,

By Her Majesty's Company of Comedians.

L O N D O N :

Printed for, and are to be Sold by *John Morphew* near
Stationers-Hall.

C & P.

Without Money.

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St. Andrew's Hall.

To my very Good Friend Mr. Thomas
Newman, Servant to Her Majest, one
of the Gentlemen of the Great Room, and
Book-Keeper and Prompter to her Ma-
jesty's Company of Comedians in the
Hay-Market, &c.

When I was resolv'd to print this Co-
medy, with the Alterations and Im-
provements it has had from some Per-
sons of Honour, I imagin'd the next thing I had
to do, was to choose a proper Patron for it; and
after some Consideration, could not find one that
it more rightfully belong'd to than your self.
Wit without Money! The Title of it seems to have
such a relation to your Affairs for some time past,
that nothing could have given a fairer occasion for
a Dedication. As too often the former is to be
found without the latter, so the one must make
out the deficiency of the other. This is very well
apply'd to you, who once belong'd to a House
where *Vivitur Ingenio* was the Motto, till *Sensu*
got the better of *Sense*, and turn'd it out of
Doors. Your Wit for a great while, at that time,
was forc'd to keep you, and since that, *Sudden*
Thought and *Quick Turns* have secur'd you from
the numerous Ambuscadoes laid for you. And
when I reflect on the Dangers you've gone
through, and the Hardships you've suffer'd, to se-
cure

cure your Person from those *Moroding Parties* that lay in wait for you, I think I cannot sufficiently praise your Ingenuity, that has always been your Safeguard; nor be too thankful to Fortune, who has given me so proper a Patron for my *Wit without Mony*.

I cou'd be lavish in your Praise with relation to your Business in the Play-House, make large Encomiums on the Vigilance you always show in your Station, for keeping the Order and Decorum of the Stage; set down the Hazards you have jointly run, with those who have bravely stood up for the Glory of Acting; And, that as you are Prompter to the best Company of Players, so none but your self is capable to serve such a Company; but I shall not trespass so far on your known Modesty, to speak of that which all the World, that have the good Fortune to know you, is appris'd of.

As a Calm succeeds a Tempest, so this Comfort you have with you, That after all the frightful Prospect you have had of Trouble and Confinement, you are now where Wit is encouraged, and the Player reaps the Fruit of his Labour, without Toiling for those who have always been the Oppressors of the Stage. This may give some Respite to you, that not being so frequently oblig'd to use your *Wit for want of Mony*, it may appear with the greater Lustre when you have occasion for it; which is the Wish of

S I R,

Your real Friend, and Humble Servant,

PROLOGUE.

+ **B**Y various Ways we study still to please,
With Labour strive what once we did with Ease:
And since the Writers of this Modern Age,
No more delight, or draw you to the Stage;
Old Fletcher's labour'd Scenes we now revive,
Whose Wit and Humour shall Immortal live.
In his just Characters you still may view,
How in your selves old Follies you renew.
How Vice does lord it, Modest Vertue starves,
Ignorance rules, and patient Merit serves:
How Miss endeavours to undo her Cully,
And then's both stript and ruin'd by her Bully:
How tricking Sharpers do the Town surround,
Bubbles, their Fathers ill-got Gold confound.
Parsons ne'er Practise what they daily Preach;
Not by Example, but by Precept teach:
No Pangs of Conscience does the Lawyer dread,
But for his Fee will for both Parties plead:
But these bold Truths to speak, I shou'd forbear,
Since you your Vices will no longer hear;
From Satyr change to a more humble Strain,
Your Smiles to court, your Favours to obtain:
Let your Encouragement this Day be shown,
That with Success our Labours we may crown.

Persons

Persons represented in the Play.

<i>Valentine,</i>	{ A Gentleman that won't be per- swaded to keep his Estate. }	<i>Mr. Wilks.</i>
<i>Francisco,</i>	His younger Brother.	<i>Mr. Mills.</i>
<i>Lovegood,</i>	Their Uncle.	<i>Mr. Keen.</i>
<i>A Merchant,</i>	{ Who has the Mortgage of <i>Valen-</i> <i>tine's</i> Estate. }	<i>Mr. Minns.</i>
<i>Fountain,</i>	{ Companions of <i>Valentine's</i> , and Suitors to the Widow <i>Hart-</i> <i>well</i> . }	<i>Mr. Knap.</i>
<i>Bellamore,</i>		<i>Mr. Fairbank.</i>
<i>Hairbrain,</i>		<i>Mr. Bowman.</i>
<i>Lance,</i>	{ An old Servant to <i>Valentin's</i> Fa- ther. }	<i>Mr. Bullock.</i>
<i>Short-house,</i>	{ A Clownish Servant of the Wi- dow's. }	<i>Mr. Norris.</i>
<i>Roger,</i>	{ Other Servants of the Widows. }	<i>Mr. Cross.</i>
<i>Ralph,</i>		<i>Mr. Kent.</i>
<i>Humphry,</i>		<i>Mr. Trout.</i>
	Three other Servants.	
	Musicians.	

W O M E N.

<i>Lady Hartwell.</i>	A Rich Widow.	<i>Mrs. Oldfield.</i>
<i>Isabella,</i>	Her Sister.	<i>Mrs. Porter.</i>
<i>Lucy,</i>	The Widow's Woman.	<i>Mr Mills.</i>

S C E N E *London.*

WIT
WITHOUT
MONEY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Uncle and Merchant.

Mer. **W**HEN saw you *Valentine*?
Uncle. Not of late; He's taken up
with those that Wooe the Widow.

Mer. How can he live by borrowing
from such People? He had a greater Spirit.

Uncle. Alas! he's sunk, his Estate's gone, he Wants,
and, which is worse, takes a Delight in doing so.

Mer. Why will he not Marry, and that way rise a-
gain?

Uncle. It's Impossible.

Mer. What's the Reason?

B

Uncle

Wit without Mony.

Uncle. I know not what it is, a foolish Glory he has got, I know not where, to bask those Benefits; and yet he will converse with Women, flatter 'em, make 'em Rugged or Smooth, Cruel or Soft, as his Impression serves——The Lovers, let 'em pass.

[Singing within]

Enter Fountain, Bellamoure, Hairbrain.

Mer. He might be one, he promises as much. They are wondrous Merry.

Uncle. O! their hopes are high, Sir,

Fount. Is *Valentine* come to Town?

Bella. Last Night, I heard.

Fount. We want him extreemly to direct us; For this Widow is as Stately, and as Crafty. And stands I warrant You——

Hair. Let her stand sure, she falls before us else. Come let's go look for *Valentine*?

Mer. This Widow is a fine Lady.

Uncle. A glorious Woman, handsome and of a high reserv'd Behaviour, Mistress of a great Fortune, and well she knows to use it.

Mer. I wish *Valentine* had her!

Uncle. There's no hope of that, Sir.

Mer. O' that Condition he had his Mortgage in again.

Uncle. I wou'd he had.

Mer. Use you Endeavours and see what I'll do, however let the Mony be paid in, I never sought a Gentleman's undoing. You told me of another Brother.

Uncle. Yes, Sir, a more miserable than *Val.* for he has Eat and Drank him up. A handsome Gentleman, and a fine Schollar.

En.

Wit without Mony.

B

Enter Lance and three Tenants

Mer. What are these?

Uncle. Some of *Valentine's* Tenants, perhaps the sight of them may move him.

Mer. 'Tis well prepar'd; be earnest Friends, and loud upon him, he is Deaf to his own Good.

Lance. We mean to tell him part of our Mind and't please ye.

Mer. Do; and do it home, and in what my Care may help, or my Perswasions when we meet next—

Uncle. Do but perswade him fairly; and for your Mony, mine, and these Mens Thanks too.

Mer. Y'are most honest, you shall find me no less, and so I leave you; prosper your Business, my Friends.

[Exit.]

Uncle. Pray Heaven it may, Sir.

Lance. Nay if he will be Mad I'll be Mad with him, I tell him that; I'll not spare him. His Father kept good Meat, good Drink, good Hawks, good Hounds, and bid his Neighbours welcome; kept him too, and suppli'd his Prodigality, yet kept his Estate still: Must we turn Tenants now, (after we have liv'd under the Race of Gentry, and maintain'd good Yeomandry) to some of the City, to a great Shoulder of Mutton and a Custard, and have our Estates turn'd into Cabbage-Gardens, must it be so?

Uncle. You must be milder to him.

Lance. That's as he makes his Game.

Uncle. Intreat him lovingly and make him Feel—

Lance. I'll prick him to the Bones else.

[Val. within] And tell the Gentleman I'll be with him presently, say I want Mony too, I must not fail Boy.

Lance. You'll want Cloaths I hope.

Enter Valentine.

Val. Bid the young Courtier repair to me anon; I'll read to him.

Uncle. He comes, be diligent, but not too rugged; start him, but affright him not.

Val. Phew, are you there?

Uncle. We come to see you Nephew, be not angry.

Val. Why do you Dog me thus, with these strange People? Why, all the World shall never make me Rich agen, nor Master of that Trouble an Estate.

Ten. We beseech you for our poor Children's sakes.

Val. Who bid you get 'em, had you not Thrashing-work enough, but Children must be bang'd out of the Sheaf too? Other Men with their Delicates and wholesome Diet can get but Wind-Eggs: You, with a Clove of Garlick, a piece of Cheese wou'd break a Saw, and sower Milk, can mount like Stallions, and I must maintain the Brood.

Lance. You ought to maintain us and our Families, we have maintain'd you, and when you slept provided for you. What bought the Cloaths you wear? I think our Labours; reckon, you'll find it so: Who found your Horses perpetual Pots of Ale, maintain'd your Taverns? And who extol'd you in the side-Boxes, where you might sit and muster all the Beauties? We had no hand in this no, we are all Puppies?

Your Tennants are base Vexations.

Val. Very well, Sir.

Lance. Had you Land, Sir, and honest Men to serve your Purposes, honest and faithful, and will you run away from 'em, betray your self, and us your poor Tribe
to

Wit without Mony.

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to Misery ; Mortgage us all, like old Cloaths; where will you Hunt next ? you had a thousand Acres fair and open ; the *King's-Bench* is enclosed, there's no good Riding ; the *Counter* is full of Thorns and Brakes, take heed Sir, and Boggs ; you'll quickly find what Broath th'are made of.

Val. Y'are short and pithy.

Lance. They say y'are a fine Gentleman, and of excellent Judgment ; they report you have Wit, keep your self out of the Rain and take your Cloak with you which by interpretation is your Estate, Sir, or I shall think Fame bely'd you.

Val. I prethee leave prating, does my Good lie within my Brain to further ? Go, go, get you Home, there Whistle to your Horses and let them Edifie ; away sowe Hemp to hang your selves withal : What am I to you or you to me ? Am I your Landlord, Puppies ?

Unc. This is uncivil.

Val. More unmerciful you, to vex me with those Bacon-broth and Puddings : They are the walking shapes of all my Sorrows.

Ten. Your Fathers Worship would have us'd us better.

Val. My Fathers Worship was a Fool.

Lanc. Hay Boys ! old *Valentine*, I'faith the old Boy still.

Uncle. Fie, Cousin.

Val. I mean besotted to his Estate ; he had never left me the Misery of so much Means else ; which till I sold was a meer Torment to me : If you will Talk, turn out those Tenants, they are as killing to my Nature Uncle, as Water to a Fever.

Lanc. We will go, but 'tis like Rams, to come again the stronger ; And you shall keep your Estate.

Val.

Wit without Mony.

Val. Thou liest, I will not.

Lanc. Sweet Sir, thou liest, thou shalt; and so good Morrow.

[Exeunt Tenants.]

Val. Now to your Business, Uncle.

Uncle. To your Estate, then.

Val. 'Tis gone, and I am glad on't; name it no more, 'tis that I pray against, and Heaven has heard me; *Caveat Emptor*, let the Fool out-swear it, that thinks he has got a Catch on't.

Uncle. This is Madness, to be a willful Beggar.

Val. I am Mad then, and so I mean to be; will that content you? How bravely now I live, how Jocund, how near the first Inheritance, without Fears, how free from Title-Troubles.

Uncle. And from Means too.

Val. Means? why all good Mens Means are mine; my Wit's my Plough, the Town's my Stock, the Tavern's my standing House, and all the World knows there's no Want; all Gentlemen that love Society love me; all Purfes that Wit and Pleasure opens, hold my Rents; every Man's Cloaths fits me, the next fair Lodging is at my Command; and when I please to be more Eminent and take the Air, a Guinea's levied, a Coach prepar'd, and I go I care not whether; what need of an Estate here?

Uncle. But say these means were honest, will they last, Sir?

Val. Far longer than your Coat, and wear fairer; should I take ought of you, it wou'd be begging, your Minds enclosed, nothing lies nobly open; but know Sir, no Man that I am allied to, in my way of Living, but makes it equal whether his own Use or my Necessity, call first; and do you think I venture nothing equal?

Uncle. You pose me, Cousin.

Val.

Wit without Mony.

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Val. What's my Knowledge, Uncle, is't not worth Mony? what's my Understanding, Travels, Reading, Wit, all these Digested; my daily making Men, some to Speak, that too much Phlegm had Frozen up; some that spoke too much, to hold their Peace; some to wear their Cloaths, and some to keep 'em; these are nothing, Uncle; besides, these ways, to teach the way of Nature, a manly Love, Community to all that are deserving, without examining how much or what's done for them?

Enter two Servants.

1st. Ser. This Coat and Hat, Sir, and my Master's Love.

Val. Commend me to your Master and take that; leave 'em at my Lodgings.

1st. Ser. I shall, Sir.

Val. I do not think of these Things.

2d Ser. Please you, Sir, I have Gold here for ye.

Val. Give it me; drink that, and Commend me to thy Master. Look ye, Uncle, do I beg these?

Uncle. No, sure 'tis your Worth, Sir.

Val. 'Tis like enough; but pray satisfie me, are not those ways as Honest as persecuting the starv'd Inheritance with musty Corn, the very Rats were fain to run away from? Or selling Rotten Wood by the Pound, like Spices, which Gentlemen afterwards burn by Ounces? Do not I know your way of feeding Beasts with Grains and windy stuff, to blow up Butcher? Your racking Pastures that have eaten up as many Singing Shepherds and their Issues, as all *Hampshire* breeds. I tell you, Sir, I would not change ways with you, unless it were to sell your Estate that Hour, and, if 'twere possi-

possible, to spend it then too. Now you know me?

Uncle. I wish you knew your self; but since you are grown such a strange Enemy to your self, give me leave to make your Brothers Fortune.

Val. How, Sir?

Uncle. From your Mortgage, which yet may be recover'd, I'll find the means.

Val. Pray save your Labour, Sir, my Brother and my self will run one Fortune, and I think, what I hold a meer Vexation cannot be safe for him, I love him better; he has Wit at Will, the World has means, he shall live without the trick of an Estate; we are Heirs both, and all the World before us.

Uncle. My last Offer, and then I am gone.

Val. What is't, and then I'll answer?

Uncle. What think you of a Wife yet to restore you? and tell me seriously, without these Trifles.

Val. If you can find one that will please my Fancy, you shall not find me Stubborn.

Uncle. Speak your Woman.

Val. One without Eyes, that is, self Commendation; for those that see will always think th'are handsome. One without Ears, not giving time to Flatterers; for she that hears herself Commended, wavers, and points out Men a way to make them Wicked. One without Opinion of herself, who tho' she has Youth forgets it; tho' she has Inclination denies it; Whose Life will be all Obedience, and all her Hours new Blessings; if there may be such a Woman?

Uncle. Yes, there may be.

Val. And without Estate too?

Uncle. You are dispos'd to trifle, well, fare you well, Sir, when you want me next you'll be wiser.

Val.

Wit without Mony.

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Val. Farewel, Uncle; and as you love your Estate,
don't let me hear on't. [Exit.

Uncle. It shall not trouble you. I'll watch him still,
And when his Friends fall off, then bend his Will. [Exit.

Enter Isabella and Lucy.

Lucy. I know the cause of all this sadness now, your
Sister has engross'd all the Lovers.

Isab. She has wherewithal, much good may't do her.
Prethee speak softly, we are open to Mens Ears.

Lucy. Fear not, we are safe, we may see all that pass,
hear all, and make our selves Merry with their Language,
and yet stand undiscover'd: Be not Melancholly, you
are as Fair as she.

Isab. Who I? I thank you, I am as hast Ordain'd me,
a thing Slubberd; my Sister is a good portly Lady, a
Woman of a Presence, she has the Light before her and
cannot miss her Choice, for me 'tis reason I should wait
with my mean Fortune.

Lucy. You are so Bashful——

Isab. Our Sex should not be forward, Then we are
Fair and fit for Mens Embraces, when like Towns they
lie before us Ages, and we hold out their strongest Bat-
teries, then to compound too without the loss of Hon-
our; and march off with our fair Wedding-Colours fly-
ing. Who are these?

Enter Franc. and Lance.

Lucy. I know not, nor I care not.

Isab. Prethee peace then. A well built Gentleman.

Lucy. But poorly Thatcht.

Lanc. Has he devour'd you too?

C

Fran.

Wit without Money.

Fran. 'Has gulp'd me down, *Lance*.

Lanc. Left you no Means at all?

Fran. Not a Farthing; dispatch'd my poor Annuity I thank him; here's all the hope I have left, one bare ten Shillings.

Lanc. You are fit for great Men's Services.

Fran. I am fit, but who'll take me thus? Mens Miseries are now accounted stains in their Natures. I have Travel'd and I have Studied long, know all the Perfections of Art and Manners, yet that I am not Bold nor cannot Flatter; I shall not thrive, all these are but vain Studies. Art thou so Rich as to get me a Lodging, *Lance*?

Lanc. I'll sell the Lease of my House else; my Horse, my Hawk, nay, s'Death I'll pawn my Wife and Children; Oh Master *Francis*, that I should see your Father's House fall thus?

Isab. An honest Fellow.

Lanc. Your Father's House, that fed me, that bred up all my Name.

Isab. A grateful Fellow.

Lanc. And fall by——

Fran. Peace, I know you are angry *Lance*; but I must not hear with whom, he is my Brother, and tho' you hold him slight, my most dear Brother. A Gentleman, excepting some few Faults, he were too excellent to live here else; adorn'd with as fine Parts, and with as noble and Manly a Spirit, as any He alive. I must not hear you; tho' I am Miserable, and He made me so; yet he is still my Brother, still I love him, and to that tie of Blood link my Affections.

Isab. A Noble Nature! dost thou know him, *Lucy*?

Lucy. No, Madam.

Isab.

Wit without Mony.

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Ifab. Thou should'st always know such good Men. What a fair Body and Mind are join'd together! Did he not say he wanted?

Lucy. What's that to you?

Ifab. 'Tis true, but 'tis great Pity.

Lucy. How she changes! Ten thousand other Men want more than he, as handsome Men too.

Ifab. 'Tis like enough, but as I live this Gentleman among ten Thousand Thousand. Is there no knowing him? Why should he want? Fellows of no Merit, slight and puffed Souls that walk like Shadows, let them complain. This Man is so made *Lucy* that his Wants must 'waken us. Alas, poor Gentleman! But will that keep him from Cold and Hunger? Believe me, he is well Bred, and cannot but be of a Noble Family, mark him well.

Lucy. He is a handsome Man.

Ifab. The sweetness of his Sufferance sets him off; Oh *Lucy*! but whether go I?

Lucy. You cannot hide it.

Lanc. Come Sir, I'll see you Lodg'd, you have ty'd my Tongue fast: I'll Steal before you want, 'tis but a hanging.

Ifab. That's a good Fellow too, an honest Fellow, I must needs know more, but that some other Time.

Lucy. Is the Wind there? that makes for me.

Ifab. Come I forget Business.

[Exit Lance and Frank.]

C 2

A C T

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Widow and Lucy.

Wid. MY Sister, and a Woman of so base a Pity! what was the Fellow?

Lucy. Why an ordinary Man, Madam.

Wid. Poor?

Lucy. Poor enough, and none knows whence neither.

Wid. What cou'd she see?

Lucy. Only his Misery, for else she might behold a hundred Handsomer.

Wid. Did she change much?

Lucy. Extreemly when he spake, and then her Pity, like an Orator, but more I fear her Love, fram'd such a commendation and carried it so far, as made me wonder.

Wid. Is she so warm, or is there such a want of Lovers, that she must dote upon Afflictions? Why does she not rumage all the Prisons, and there bestow her Youth? Did she speak to him?

Lucy. No, he saw us not; but ever since she has been extreemly Troubled.

Wid.

Wid. Was he Young?

Lucy. Yes, Young enough?

Wid. And look'd he like a Gentleman?

Lucy. Like such a Gentleman as would pawn ten Oathis for twelve Pence.

Wid. My Sister, and sink basely! this must not be. Does she endeavour to know him?

Lucy. Yes, Madam, and has employ'd *Shorthose* about it.

Wid. O that's a fine Rogue. Keep all this private; but still be near her *Lucy*: What you can gather by any means let me understand. I'll stop her Heat, and turn her Charity another way, to bless her self first. A Beggar and a Stranger! this vexes me; but I shall find a Remedy. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Fountain, Bellamour, Hairbrain, Valentine.

Fount. Oh my Friend! We have so lookt for thee, and long'd for thee: This Widow is the strangest thing, the stateliest, and stands so much upon her Excellencies.

Bel. She has put us off a month now for an Answer.

Hareb. No Man must visit her, nor look upon her; no, not to say, Good Night, or Good Morrow, till that time's past.

Val. She has found what Dough you're made of, and so kneads you. Are you good at nothing but these After-games? I have told you often enough what things they are, what precious things, these Widows!——

Hareb. If we had 'em.

Val. Why, the Devil has not Craft enough to woo 'em; there be two kind of Fools; mark this Observation, Gentlemen! mark it and understand it!

Fount. Well, go forward.

Val

Val. An innocent Fool, and a politick Fool; the latter of which are Lovers, Widow-Lovers.

Foun. We gave you Reasons, why 'twas needful for us.

Val. As you are those Fools, I did allow those Reasons; but as my Scholars and Companions, damn'd 'em. Do you know why you woo a Widow? Answer me coolly now, and with Understanding.

Hareb. Why, to lye with her, and enjoy her Wealth.

Val. Why, there you are Fools still, crafty to catch your selves, pure politick Fools: I lookt for such an Answer. Once more hear me: If you wed a Widow, 'tis to be doubted mainly, whether the Estate you have be yours or no: Marke me; Widows have long Extents in Law and doubtful Titles; and they that enjoy them, lie but with dead Mens Monuments: But if you'll needs do things of Danger, kill every Day a Serjeant for a Twelvemonth, rob the Exchequer, and burn the Rolls: These things will make a Shew.

Hair. And these are Trifles?

Val. Consider'd to a Widow, empty Nothings. What do we get by Women, but our Sences, which is the rankest part about us, satisfied; and when that's done, what are we? Crost-fallen Cowards. What benefit can Children bring but Charges and Disobedience? What's the Love they render at One and Twenty? I pray, die, Father. When they are young, they are like Bells rung backwards, nothing but Noise and Giddiness; and come to Years once, there drops a Son by the Sword in his Mistress's Quarrel; a great Joy to the Parents. A Daughter grown ripe too runs away with a Footman; there's another: And most are of this Nature. Will you marry?

Fount. For

Wit without Mony.

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Foun. For my part, Yes, for any Doubt I have yet.

Val. And this same Widow?

Foun. If I can : And methinks, however you are plea'sd to dispute these Dangers; such a warm Match, and for you too, Sir, were not hurtful.

Val. Not half so killing as for you : For, me, she cannot, with all the Art she has, make more miserable, or much more fortunate. I have no Estate left; a Benefit that none of you can brag of: Nothing to lose, but what my Soul inherits; which she can neither law, nor claw away. Add to all this, Contempt of what she does, I can laugh at her Tears, neglect her Angers, hear her without a Faith, so pity her as she were a Traitor. If you cou'd do these things, and had but this Discretion, and the same Fortune, it were an equal Venture.

Fount. This is Malice.

Val. But is it come to that, You must marry?

Bel. Grant it be so.

Val. Then chuse the tamer Evil; take a Maid not worth a Penny; make her and mould her yours: A Maid worth nothing! there's a vertuous Spell in that Word Nothing! A Maid makes Conscience of Half a Crown a Week for Pin-money; a Maid will be content with one Coach and two Horses, nor fall out, because they are not matcht: But a Widow is a Christmas-Box that sweeps all.

Fount. Yet all this cannot alter us.

Val. You are all my Friends, and all my loving Friends; I spend your Money; yet I deserve it too; you are my Friends still: I ride your Horses; when I want, I sell 'em: I eat your Meat, and sometimes wear your Linnen: Sometimes I make you drunk, and then you sign and seal; for which I'll do you this Favour: Be rul'd, and let me try her; I'll never cease to trouble
her

her till I see through her; then, if I find her worthy——

Hareb. This was our meaning, *Valentine*.

Val. 'Tis done then; I must want nothing.

Hareb. Nothing, but the Woman.

Val. No Jealousy; for when I marry, the Devil must be wiser than I take him to be, and the Flesh foolisher: Come, let's to Dinner; and when I'm well, have at her.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Isabella and Lucy.

Isab. But art thou sure?

Lucy. No surer than that I heard——

Isab. That 'twas that flouting Fellow's Brother.

Lucy. Yes, *Shorthose* told me so.

Isabel. Did he search out the Truth?

Lucy. It seems he did.

Isab. Prithee *Lucy* call him hither; if he be no worse I sha'nt repent my Pity. [*Enter Shorthose.*] Now, Sirrah, what was he we sent you after, the Gentleman in Black?

Short. I'th' torn Black?

Isab. Yes the same, Sir.

Short. What would your Ladyship with him?

Isab. Why my Ladyship would know his Name, and what he is?

Short. 'Is Nothing, he is a Man, yet no Man.

Isab. You must needs play the Fool.

Short. 'Tis my Profession.

Isab. How is he a Man, and no Man?

Short. He's a Beggar; only the Sign of a Man. The Bush pull'd down, which shows the House stands empty.

Isab.

Ifab. What's his Calling?

Short. They call him Beggar.

Ifab. What are his Kindred?

Short. Beggars.

Ifab. His Worth?

Short. A learned Beggar, a poor Scholar.

Ifab. How does he live?

Short. Like Worms, he eats old Books.

Ifab. Is *Valentine* his Brother?

Short. His Begging Brother.

Ifab. What may his Name be?

Short. Orson.

Ifab. Leave your Fooling.

Short. You had as good say, leave your Living.

Ifab. Once more tell me his Name directly?

Short. I'll be hang'd first, unless I heard him Christn'd;
but I can tell you what foolish People call him.

Ifab. What?

Short. *Francisco*.

Ifab. Where lies this Learning, Sir?

Short. In *Paul's* Church-Yard, Forsooth.

Ifab. I mean the Gentleman, Fool.

Short. O that Fool, he lies in loose Sheets every were,
that's no where.

Lucy. You are improv'd since you came to *London*.
In the Country, *Shorthose*, you were an arrant Fool, a
dull cold Coxcomb, here every Tavern teaches you;
the Pint Pot has so belabour'd you with Wit; your brave
Companions that give you Ale so fortified your Parts,
that now there's no talking to you.

Short. I hope so; I have not waited at the Tail of
Wit so long to be an Afs.

Lucy. But say now, *Shorthose*, my Lady should re-
move into the Country.

D

Short.

her till I see through her; then, if I find her worthy——

Hareb. This was our meaning, *Valentine*.

Val. 'Tis done then; I must want nothing.

Hareb. Nothing, but the Woman.

Val. No Jealousy; for when I marry, the Devil must be wiser than I take him to be, and the Flesh foolisher: Come, let's to Dinner; and when I'm well, have at her.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Isabella and Lucy.

Isab. But art thou sure?

Lucy. No surer than that I heard——

Isab. That 'twas that flouting Fellow's Brother.

Lucy. Yes, *Shorthose* told me so.

Isabel. Did he search out the Truth?

Lucy. It seems he did.

Isab. Prithee *Lucy* call him hither; if he be no worse I sha'nt repent my Pity. [*Enter Shorthose.*] Now, Sirrah, what was he we sent you after, the Gentleman in Black?

Short. I'th' torn Black?

Isab. Yes the same, Sir.

Short. What would your Ladyship with him?

Isab. Why my Ladyship would know his Name, and what he is?

Short. 'Is Nothing, he is a Man, yet no Man.

Isab. You must needs play the Fool.

Short. 'Tis my Profession.

Isab. How is he a Man, and no Man?

Short. He's a Beggar; only the Sign of a Man. The Bush pull'd down, which shows the House stands empty.

Isab.

Ifab. What's his Calling?

Short. They call him Beggar.

Ifab. What are his Kindred?

Short. Beggars.

Ifab. His Worth?

Short. A learned Beggar, a poor Scholar.

Ifab. How does he live?

Short. Like Worms, he eats old Books.

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Short. His Begging Brother.

Ifab. What may his Name be?

Short. *Orson*.

Ifab. Leave your Fooling.

Short. You had as good say, leave your Living.

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Short. I'll be hang'd first, unless I heard him Christn'd;
but I can tell you what foolish People call him.

Ifab. What?

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In the Country, *Shorthose*, you were an arrant Fool, a
dull cold Coxcomb, here every Tavern teaches you;
the Pint Pot has so belabour'd you with Wit; your brave
Companions that give you Ale so fortified your Parts,
that now there's no talking to you.

Short. I hope so; I have not waited at the Tail of
Wit so long to be an Afs.

Lucy. But say now, *Shorthose*, my Lady should re-
move into the Country.

D

Short.

Short. I'd as lieve she should remove to Heaven, and as soon would I undertake to follow her.

Lucy. Where no Musick is, nor no Anchoves, nor Master such a one to meet at the Rose, and bring my Lady such a ones chief Chamber-Maid.

Ifab. No bouncing Healths to this brave Lad, dear *Shorthose*; nor down o'th' Knees to that Illustrious Lady.

Lucy. No Fiddles, nor no jolly noise of *Drawer* carry this *Bottle* to my Father *Shorthose*.

Ifab. No Play, no Sights, to run and wonder at.

Lucy. Say she shou'd go.

Short. If I say so I'll be hang'd; or if I thought she would go——

Lucy. What?

Short. I would go with her.

Lucy. But *Shorthose* where thy Heart is——

Ifab. Do not fright him.

Lucy. Upon my Word, Madam, 'tis given out, and loudly too from her own Mouth, we are presently to be gone, but why or to what end I know not.

Short. May not a Man Die first? She'l give him so much Time?

Ifab. Gone o'th' sudden, thou dost but Jest, she must not mock the Gentlemen.

Lucy. She has put them off for a Month, they dare not see her. Believe me, Madam, you'l find it true.

Ifab. How *Lucy*? Gone on so short Warning, what Trick's this? She never told me of it, it must not be. Sirrah attend me presently, you know I have been a kind Friend t'ye, attend me in the Hall. Don't Cry, we sha'nt go.

Short. O! that her Coach may crack.

En.

Enter Valentine, Francisco and Lance.

Val. Which way to live ! How dar'st thou come to Town to ask such a foolish Question ?

Fran. Methinks 'tis a necessary Question, unless you could restore me the Annuity you have tipl'd up in Taverns.

Val. Where hast thou been ; and how brought up *Frank*, that thou talk'st thus out of Frame ? Thou wert a pretty Fellow, and of a competent Understanding ; who has spoil'd thee ?

Lance. He that has spoil'd himself ; and will spoil all comes near him. Buy but a Glass, if you be yet so wealthy, and look there who ?

Val. Well said, Old Copy-hold.

Lance. My Heart's good Free-hold, Sir ! and so you'll find it : This Gentleman's your Brother, your hopeful Brother ; for there is no hopes of you : Use him accordingly.

Val. Just as well as I use my self : What would'st thou have, *Frank* ?

Fran. Can you procure me a Hundred Pound ?

Lance. Hark what he says to you ! O try your Wits ! for they say you're excellent at it.

Fran. And I'll forget all Wrongs. You see my Condition, and to what Wretchedness your Will has brought me : But what it may be by this Help, if timely done, and like a noble Brother, both you and I may feel, and to our Comforts.

Val. A Hundred Pound ! Dost thou know what thou hast said, Boy ?

Fran. I said, A Hundred Pound.

Wit without Mony.

Val. Thou hast said more than any Man can justify, believe me. Procure a Hundred Pounds! I say to thee, there's no such Sum in Nature: Forty Shillings there may be now in the Exchequer, and that's a Treasure! I have seen Five Pound; but let me tell it! and it's as wonderful as Calves with five Legs. Here's five Shillings, *Frank*, the Harvest of five Weeks, and a good Crop too; take it and pay thy first Fruits; I'll come down and eat it out.

Fran. 'Tis Patience must meet with you, Sir, not Love.

Lance. Deal roundly, and leave these Fiddle-Faddles.

Val. Leave thy Prating; thou think'st thou'rt a notable wise Fellow, thou and thy rotten Sparrow-Hawk!

Lance. I think you're mad; or if you are not, will be next Moon, What wou'd you have him do?

Val. How?

Lance. To get Money first; that's to live: You've taught him already how to want.

Val. 'Slife how do I live? Why, what dull Fool wou'd ask that Question? The better half o'th Town live most gloriously: And ask them what Estates they have? ask our Gamesters that keep their Coaches, when 'tis they pray for a seasonable Harvest? Thou hast a handsome Wit, *Frank*; stir into the World; stir for Shame, thou art a pretty Scholar: Ask how to live? Write, write; write any thing; the World's a fine believing World. Write News!

Lance. Essex-Dragons, Sir! or Bloody Battles seen in Air!

Val. There's the way, *Frank*; and in the Tail of these fright me the Kingdom with a sharp Prognostication that shall

Wit without Mony.

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shall scour 'em: Dearth upon Dearth, Predictions of Sea-Breaches, Wars, and so forth.

Lance. Whirlwinds that shall take off the Top of *Grantham*-steeple, and clap it on *Paul's*.

Val. *Probatum est*, Thou canst not want a Pension. Go switch me up a Covey of young Scholars; there's twenty Pounds, and two Load of Coals: Are not these ready Ways. Cosmography thou art deeply read in: Draw me a Map from the *Rose-Tavern*, I mean, a Midnight-Map, to 'scape the Constables and their long senceless Examinations; and Gentlemen shall feed thee, very good Gentlemen! I cannot stay long.

Lance. You have read learnedly: And wou'd you have him follow these Lessons? Did you begin with Ballads?

Fran. Well, I will leave you; I see my Wants are grown ridiculous; Yours may be so; I will not curse you neither. You may think when those wanton Fits are over, who bred me, and who ruin'd me. Look to your self, Sir: A Providence I wait on.

Val. Thou art passionate; hast thou been brought up with Girls?

Enter Shorthose with a Bag of Money.

Short. Rest ye merry, Gentlemen.

Val. Not so merry as you suppose, Sir.

Short. Pray stay a while, and let me take a View of you; I may put my Spoon into the wrong Broth else.

Val. Why, wilt thou muster us?

Short. No, You are not he; you're a Thought too handsome.

Lance. Who would'st speak withal? Why dost thou peep so?

Short. I

Short. I am looking Birds Nests ; I can find none in your Bush-Beard. I would speak with you, Black Gentleman.

Fran. With me, my Friend ?

Short. Yes Sure ! And the best Friend, Sir, it seems, you have spoke with this Twelvemonth. Gentlemen, there's no Money for you.

Val. How ?

Short. There's none for you, Sir : Be not so brief ; not a Penny ! Law, how he itches at it ! Stand off ; You stir my Choler.

Lance. Take it ; 'tis Money.

Short. You are too quick too ; first be sure you have it. You seem to be a Falconer, but a foolish one.

Lance. Take it, and say nothing.

Short. You're cozen'd too, 'tis take it and spend it.

Fran. From whence came it, Sir ?

Short. Such another Word, and you shall ha' none on't.

Fran. I thank you, Sir ; I doubly thank you.

Short. Well Sir, then buy you better Cloaths, and get your Hat dress'd, and your Landress to wash your Linnen better.

Fran. Pray stay Sir ; may you not be mistaken ?

Short. I think I am : Give me the Money again, quick, quick.

Fran. I would be loath to restore, till I am sure 'tis so.

Short. Hark in your Ear ; Is not your Name *Francisco* ?

Fran. Yes.

Short. Be quiet then ; it may thunder a thousand times before such Stones fall. Do you not need it ?

Fran. Yes.

Short. And

Wit without Mony.

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Short. And 'tis thought you have it.

Fran. I think I have.

Short. Then hold it fast ; 'tis not Fly-blown, you may pay for the Carriage : You forget your self ; I have not seen a Gentleman so backward, a wanting Gentleman--

Fran. Your Mercy, Sir !

Short. Friend, you have Mercy ! a whole Bag-full of Mercy ? Be merry with it, and be wise.

Fran. I wou'd fain, if it please you ; but know—

Short. It does not please me : Tell over your Money ; and be not mad, Boy.

Val. You have no more such Baggs ?

Short. More such there are Sir ; but few, I fear, for you. I have cast your Water ; you have Wit, you need no Money. [Exit.

Lance. Be not amaz'd, Sir ; 'tis good Gold, good old Gold ; this is Restorative, and in good time it comes to do you good ; keep it and use it ; let honest Fingers feel it—Yours be too quick, Sir.

Fran. He nam'd me, and he gave it me ; but from whom—

Lance. Let 'em send more, and then examine : This can be but a Preface.

Fran. Being a Stranger, of whom can I deserve this ?

Lance. Of any Man that has but Understanding to find Mens Wants. Good Men are bound to do so.

Val. Now you see, *Frank*, there are more Ways than Certainties : Now you believe. What Plough brought you this Harvest ? What Sale of Timber, Coals, or what Annuities ? What Use of these where every Man's thy Tenant ? I am asham'd of thee !

Lance. Yes I have seen this Fellow. There's a wealthy Widow hard by.

Val. Yes marry is there

Lance I

Lanc. I think he's her Servant. Nay I am sure on't.

Franc. I am glad on't.

Lanc. She's a good Woman.

Franc. I'm gladder.

Lanc. And Young enough.

Franc. Gladder of all Sir.

Val. Franck, you shall lie with me.

Fran. I thank my Mony.

Lanc. His Mony shall lie with me, Three in a Bed, Sir, will be too much.

Val. Meet me at the Rose and thou shalt see what things——

Lanc. Trust to your self, Sir.

[*Exit Frank and Lance.*]

Enter Fountain, Bellamoure, and Hairbrain.

Fount. O *Valentine*!

Val. How now, why d'ye all look so?

Bel. The Widows going, Man.

Val. Why let her go, Man.

Hairb. She's going out o'Town.

Val. The Town's the happier. Wou'd they were all gone!

Fount. We can't come to speak with her.

Val. Not speak to her?

Bel. She will be gone within this Hour. Either now

Val——

Fount. Hairb. Now, now, now good *Val*——

Val. I had rather march in the Mouth o'Cannon. But adieu, if she be above Ground——Go, away to your Prayers, away I say, away; she shall be spoken with.

[*Exeunt.*]

En-

Enter Shorthose with one Boot on, Roger, Humphry.

Rog. She will go, *Shorthose*.

Short. Who can help it, *Roger*?

Ralph. [*within*] Help down with the Hangings.

Rog. By and by, *Ralph*; I am making up the Trunks here.

Ralph. *Shorthose*.

Short. Well.

Ralph. Who looks to my Lady's Wardrobe, *Humphry*?

Hump. Here!

Ralph. Down with the Boxes in the Gallery, and bring away the Coach-Cushions.

Short. Will it not rain? No Conjuring abroad, nor no Device to stop this Journey?

Rog. Why go now? why now? why o'th' sudden now?

What Preparation, what Horses have we ready?

What Provision have we in the Country?

Hump. Not an Egg, I hope.

Rog. No, nor one drop of good Drink, Boys! there's the Devil!

Short. I heartily pray the Malt may be musty, and then we must come up again.

Hump. I have no Boots, nor none I'll buy: Or if I had, refuse me if I would venture my Ability before a Cloak-bag; Men are Men.

Short. For my part, if I be brought, (as I know it will be aim'd at) to carry any dirty Cream-pot, and gentle Lady of the Chamber behind my Guelding, with all her Streamers, Knapfacks, Glasses, Gugaws, as if I were a running Folly, I'll give 'em leave to cut my

E

Girths

Girths and flay me: I understand my self, and am resolv'd——

Hump. To Morrow-night at *Oliver's*! Who shall be there, Boys? Who shall meet the Wenches?

Rog. The well-brew'd Stand of Ale we should have met at!

Short. These Griefs, like to another Tale of *Troy*, wou'd mollify the Heart's of barb'rous People!

Enter Ralph.

Ralph. Well, whether run you? my Lady's mad.

Short. I wou'd she were in *Bedlam*.

Ralph. The Carts are come, no Hands to help load 'em; the Stuff lies in the Hall, the Plate and——

Wid. [*within*] Why Knaves there; where be these idle Fellows?

Short. Shall I ride with one Boat?

Wid. Why where, I say?

Ralph. Away, away, it must be so.

Short. O for a tickling Storm to last but one ten Days!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Isabella and Lucy.

Lucy. I Ndeed, Madam, I did it for the best.

Ifab. It may be so, but *Lucy* you have a Tongue, a dish of Meat in your Mouth, which if 'twere minced, *Lucy*, wou'd do a great deal better.

Lucy. I protest, Madam.

Ifab. 'Twill be your own one time or other. *Walter!*

Walt. [*within*] Madam.

Ifab. Tye my little Box behind the Coach, and bid my Maid make ready, my sweet Service to your good Lady, Mrs. *Lucy*.

Lucy. Do but hear me.

Ifab. I am in Love sweet *Lucy*, and you are so skilful that I must needs undo my self——And d'ye hear, let *Oliver* pack up the Glafs carefully.

Lucy. Pray be fatisfied.

Ifab. Yes before I leave you, there's a *Roger* which some call the Butler, I speak of Certainties, I do not fish *Lucy*; nay don't stare, I have a Tongue can talk too: And a green Chamber too *Lucy*, a back Door opens to the long Gallery. There was a Night *Lucy*, do you

perceive, do you perceive me yet? O do you Blush? A Friday Night I saw your Saint, *Lucy*. For 'tother Pot of Marmalad all's thine, sweet *Roger*. This I heard and kept too.

Lucy. As you are a Gentlewoman, Madam—

Ifab. As you have made my Sister jealous of me, and Foolishly and Childishly pursu'd it, I have found out your Haunts, and trac'd your Purposes. Your best means must be applied to bring her back again, and seriously and suddenly, that so I may have means to clear my self, and she a fair Opinion of me, else you perish.

Lucy. My Power and Prayers, Madam—

Ifab. What's the Matter?

Enter Shorthose and Widow.

Short I have been with the Gentleman, he has it much good do him with it.

Wid. Come are ye ready? Come you love to delay Time. The Day grows on us.

Ifab. I have sent for a few Trifles, when those are come; and now I know your Reasons—

Wid. Know your own Honour then— About your Business, see the Coach ready, I'll tell you more then. [*Exit Lucy and Shorthose.*] You must not think your Sister so tender-ey'd as not to see your Follies; alas I know your Heart; and must imagine, and truly too, 'tis not your Charity can coin such Sums to give away as you ha'done: In that you have no Wisdom, Sister, no nor Modesty, where nobler Uses are at home, I tell ye, I am asham'd to find this in ye. None to chuse but things for pity? None to fix your Thoughts on but one of no Ability, of no Name? One that has

no-

Wit without Mony.

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nothing to bring you to but Cold and Hunger: A jolly Fortune, Sister; no Mony, no not ten Shillings!

Ifab. You search nearly.

Wid. I know it, as I know your Folly. One that knows not where he shall eat his next Meal, or take his Rest unless it be i'th' Cage. What Kindred has he, but a more wanting Brother, or what Vertues?

Ifab. You have had rare intelligence I see Sister.

Wid. Or say the Man had Vertue, is Vertue in this Age a full Inheritance? This is not well, 'tis weak, and I grieve to know it.

Ifab. And this you quit the Town for?

Wid. Is't not time?

Ifab. You are better read in my Affairs than I am, that's all I have to answer. I'll go with you and willingly, and what you think most dangerous, I'll still Laugh at. For, Sister, 'tis not Folly but good Discretion that shall govern me.

Wid. I am glad to hear you say so, come away.

Ifab. I am for you. [Exeunt.]

Enter Shorthose and Humphry with riding Whips.

Hump. The Devil can't stay her. She'll only eat an Egg now, and then we must away.

Short. I am gaul'd already, yet I will pray—May London Ways from henceforth be full of holes, and Coaches crack their Wheels. May zealous Smiths shoos all our Horses, that they may feel compunction in their Feet, and fall lame at Highgate. May it Rain more than all the Almanacks foretel, 'till Carriers sail, and the Queen's Fishmonger ride upon a Trout to London.

Hump. At St. Albans may all the Inns be full, and not an Host sober to bid her Ladiship welcome.

Short.

Wit without Mony.

Short. Not a Fiddle; nor no Meat but Legs of Beef.

Hump. No Beds but Wool-packs!

Short. And those so cram'd with Warrens of starv'd Fleas that bite like Bandogs. Let *Minns* be angry at their *St. Belfwagger*, and we pass in the heat on't and be beaten, beaten abominably, beaten Horse and Man, and all my Ladies Linnen sprinkled with Suds and Dishwater!

Short. Not a Wheel but out of joint!

Enter Roger laughing.

Hump. Why do'st thou Laugh?

Rog. There's a Gentleman, the rarest Gentleman, and makes the rarest Sport——

Short. Where? where?

Rog. Within here; a'has made the gayest Sport with *Tom.* the Coachman, so maul'd him with Liquor, that he lies lashing a Hog'shead for his Horses.

Short. That's very good.

Rog. And talks and laughs, and sings the rarest Songs.

Short. Better still.

Enter Valentine and Widow.

Hump. My Lady—in a rage with the Gentleman.

Short. May he anger her into a Fever. [Exit Serv.

Wid. Pray tell me, who sent you hither, to ask me such wild Questions?

Val. D'ye think I use to go of Errands, Madam.

Wid. You have not known me sure.

Val. Not much.

Wid. What reason have you then to be so tender of my Credit, you are no Kinsman?

Val. If you take it so, the honest Office that I came
to

to do you is not so heavy but I can return it; now I perceive you are too proud, not worth my Visit.

Wid. Pray stay a little: Proud?

Val. Monstrous proud. I griev'd to hear a Woman of your value and good parts stung by the People, but now I see 'tis true: You look upon me as if I were a rude and saucy Fellow that borrow'd all my breeding from a Dung-hill, or such a one as shou'd now fall down and worship you in hopes of pardon: But you mistake, Madam; I came to prove Opinion a loud Lyar——To see a Woman only great in goodness, and Mistress of a greater Fame than Fortune; but——

Wid. You are a strange Gentleman; if I were proud now I shou'd shew you the effects of Pride, and be monstrous angry, which I am not; I shou'd despise you, but you are welcome, Sir. To think well of our selves if we deserve it adds Lustre to us, and makes every Good we have look fairer.

Val. This is well, and now you speak toth' purpose you please me; but to be proud of taking place——

Wid. If it be our right, why not? Why are we set here with distinctions else? why are Degrees and Orders given us? In you Men 'tis held a coolness if you lose your Right; 'tis an affront and loss of Honour. Streets and Walls, and upper end of Tables, had they Tongues cou'd tell what Blood has follow'd, and what Feuds about your Ranks. Are we so much below you, that 'till you have us are the top of Nature, to be accounted Drones, without a difference? You'll make us Beasts indeed.

Val. Nay worse than this: They say you're proud of your Cloaths, and of your Beauty; proud of Red and White, a Varnish that Butter-milk can better.

Wid. Lord! how little will vex these poor blind People.

ple. If my Cloaths sometimes be gay and glorious, does it follow my Mind must be so too? Or say my Beauty please some weak Eyes, must I be vain of that which every hour decays? This is an Infants Anger.

Val. Then they say too, What tho' you have a Coach lin'd through with Velvet, and six fine *Flanders* Horses, why shou'd the Streets be troubled continually with you, 'till Carmen curse ye? 'Till the learned Lawyers with their fat Bags are thrust against the Bulks, 'till all their Causes crack? Can there be ought in this but Pride of shew, Madam? And then they cry, why should this Lady, and t'other Lady, and the third sweet Lady, be daily visited, and their poor Neighbours neglected?

Wid. You are very credulous, and somewhat desperate to deliver this, Sir, to her you know not: But whatever Women do lies open to these Censures. Nay, some of you will swear our very Meditations at Church, which all shou'd fear to judge, at least uncharitably, are mixt with Thoughts of Men. That we cannot sleep but this sweet Gentleman swims in our Fancies, or that smooth Beau, or that Scarlet Man of War. That we cannot dress our Heads without Designs how to surprize this Great Man, or that Blue Garter. In short, our very Looks are subject to Constructions: Nay, Sir, 'tis come to this, we cannot smile but 'tis a Favour to some Fool or other. Should we examine you thus, were it not possible also for us to pass our Censures?

Val. It may be so; but how wou'd that excuse you?

Wid. And how does it appear that you speak Truth of us? Who knows not what deadly Tongues you have, what guilty Hearts, and bold Inventions? O' my Conscience if 'twere not for sharp Justice, you wou'd venture to aim at your own Mothers, and account it glory to say you had done so. Yet all your Thoughts and
De-

Designs are just ; you forsooth can never err : 'Tis we only that are subject to Frailty, We only that are Giddy and Deceitful, we only that are liable to Censure ; pray, good Sir, give us better Words.

Val. Well said, Madam, now I begin to like you.

Wid. We are finely Bless'd indeed, and much beholding to you ; you Men may do what you think fit, we only what you please to allow us, and that too very carefully ; our Names are else the talk of Chocolate-Houses, and made the Jest of all your drunken Clubs.

Val. O brave Widow ! you are able to defend the Faults of the whole Sex.

Wid. You have no Faults not you. Alas, no ! Gentlemen, 'twere Impudence in us to think you Vicious, you are so Moral and so Holy the Ladies fright you. You are the cool Things of the Times, the Professors of Temperance, meer Emblems of the Law, and Patterns of Vertue. You are not daily mending like *Dutch-Watches*, and Plaistering like old Walls. They are none of you, Gentlemen, that with their secret Sins increase the number of our Surgeons. No, no, Women only have Vices : You are not Envious, False, Covetuous, Vain-glorious, Irreligious, Drunken, Revengeful, Giddy, Inconstant, Careless of your own Honour, and eager to destroy the Reputations of other People.

Val. You are angry.

Wid. Not I indeed ; yet I could say more.

Val. But it may be I am Troublesome ?

Wid. Not at all, Sir, I am content at this Time you shou'd Trouble me.

Val. You are distrustful.

Wid. Yes, where I find no Truth, Sir.

Val. Come, come you'r full of Passion.

Wid. Some I have, I were no Woman else.

Val. You are monstrous Peevish

Wid. Because they are monstrous Foolish, and know not how to treat me as they ought to do.

Val. I was never answer'd thus. You never drink, Madam?

Wid. Not too much, Sir, yet I love good Wine as I love health and joy of Heart, but Temperately. Why d'ye ask that Question?

Val. For that Sin they charge you with is this Sin's Servant. They say you are monstrous——

Wid. What, Sir, what?

Val. Most strangely——

Wid. It has a Name, sure?

Val. Infinitely Lustful, without all bounds: They swear you kill'd your Husband.

Wid. Let's have it all for Heavn's Sake, 'tis good Mirth, Sir.

Val. They say you will have four now, and have 'em all at once too. Will she not Cry nor Curse. [*aside*]

Wid. On with the Story.

Val. And that you are sueing out Dispensations with large Sums of Money for that purpose.

Wid. Four Husbands! shou'd not I be Blest, Sir? But what shou'd I do with 'em? You come to make me Angry, Sir, but you cannot.

Val. I'll make ye merry then. You're a brave Woman, and spight of Envy, a good one—— I don't often commend your Sex.

Wid. It seems so, your Commendations are so studied for.

Val. I came to see you, and sift you into Flower, to know your Pureness, and I have found ye Excellent; continue so, and shew Men how to Tread and Women how to Follow. Get a Husband, an honest Man, and live hedg'd in from Scandal: Let him be too, an under-

derstanding Man, 'tis pity your fair Figure should miscarry; then y'are fixt. Farewel.

Wid. Pray stay a little. I love your Company now y'are so agreeably pleasant, and to my disposition set so even.

Val. I can no longer.

[*Exit.*

Wid. As I live a fine Fellow, this Manly handsome bluntness shows him Honest. What is he or from Whence? Bless me, four Husbands! How prettily he fool'd me into Vices to stir my Jealousy and try my Nature, a proper Gentleman. I am not well o'th' sudden; such a Companion I cou'd live and die with, his Angers are meer Mirth.

Enter Isabella.

Ifab. Come, come, I am ready.

Wid. Are you so?

Ifab. What ails her?— The Coach stays and the People, the Day grows on; I am as ready now as you desire, Sister; fie, who stays now? Why d'ye sit and pout thus?

Wid. Prithee be quiet; I am not well.

Ifab. For Heaven's sake, let's not Travel in the Night, come—

Wid. I have a little Business.

Ifab. To abuse me. You shall not find new Dreams, nor new Suspicions; come let us go.

Wid. Lord, who made you a Commander! Hey, ho, my Heart.

Ifab. Is the Wind in that Corner? are you sick of the *Valentine*, sweet Sister? [*aside.*] Come let's away, the Country will so revive you, and we shall live so sweetly. *Lucy*, your Ladies Scarf. Nay you've set me so agog for going, I wou'd not stay for all the World.

Wid. Prithee, *Isabella*, indeed I have some Business that concerns me. I will be no more suspicious; here, wear that Ring for me, I'll pay the hundred Pound you owe the Taylor.

Enter Shorthose, Roger, Humphry, Ralph.

Ifab. I had rather go, but——

Wid. Come walk in with me; we'll go to Cards——
Unfadle the Horses.

Short. A Jubilee, a Jubilee, we stay Boys.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Uncle, Lance. Fount. Bella. Hairbrain, following

Uncle. Are they behind us?

Lance. Close, close, speak aloud, Sir.

Uncle. I am glad my Nephew had so much Discretion at length to find his Wants. Did she entertain him?

Lance. Most bravely, nobly. Gave him such a welcome——

Uncle. For his own sake, d'ye think?

Lance. Most certain, Sir, and in's own Cause bestir'd himself too, and won such liking from her she dotes on him. 'Has the command of all the House already.

Uncle. He deals not well with his Friends.

Lance. Let him deal on, and be his own Friend. He has most need of her.

Uncle. I wonder they wou'd put him——

Lance. You're in the right on't; a Man that must raise himself. I knew he'd trick 'em, and am glad he has. He watch'd Occasion, and found it in the nick!

Uncle. He has deceiv'd me.

Lance.

Wit without Mony.

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Lance. I told ye, however he wheel'd about, he'd charge Home at last. How I cou'd Laugh now to think of these tame Fools!

Uncle. 'Twas not well done, because they Trusted him, yet—

Bell. Hark you, Gentlemen.

Uncle. We are busie, pray excuse us. They have it home.

Lance. Come, let it work. [Ex. Uncle, Lance.

Fount. 'Tis true, he is a Knave, I always thought so.

Hare. And we are Fools, tame Fools.

Bell. Come let's go seek him. He shall be Hang'd before he serve us thus. [Exeunt.

Enter Isabella, Lucy.

Ifab. Ar't sure she loves him?

Lucy. Am I sure I Live; and I have clapt on such a Commendation to forward your Revenge.

Ifab. Faith, he is a pretty Gentleman.

Lucy. Handsome enough, and that her Eyes has found—

Ifab. He talks the Best, they say, and yet the Maddest—

Lucy. 'Has the right Way.

Ifab. How is she?

Lucy. O bears it well, as if she car'd not; but one may see with half an Eye through all her forc'd Behaviour.

Ifab. Come let's go see her. I long to persecute.

Lucy. By no means, Madam; let her take better hold first.

Ifab. I cou'd burst now. [Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Valentine, Fountain, Bellamore, Hairbrain.

Val. Upbraid me with your Benefits? Was't not I that undertook you first from empty Barrels, and brought those barking Mouths, that gap'd like Bungholes, to utter Sence? Where got you Understanding? Who taught you Manners? What brought you from the Universities, besides your small base Sentences?

Bell. Very well, Sir.

Val. Who look'd on you but Prentices in *Paul's* Church-Yard, that smelt your Want of Books?

Enter Widow, Lucy, above.

Fount. This cannot save ye.

Val. Taunt my Integrity, ye Brutes!

Hair. You tempt our Patience; we have found you out, and what your Trust comes to. Y'are well Feather'd, thank us, and think now of an honest Course, 'tis time, Men now begin to look, and narrowly, into your Tricks, they're stale.

Wid. Is not that he?

Lucy. 'Tis he.

Wid. Be quiet, and let's observe him.

Val. How miserable will these poor Wretches be when I forsake 'em! But Things have their Necessities, I am forry. To what a Vomit must they return again now, to their own dear Dunghill-Breeding. Never hope after I have cast you off, you Men of Motly, you most undone Things below Pity, any that has a Soul and Six-pence dare relieve ye, my Name shall bar that Blessing. There's your Coat, Sir, keep it safe, it may preserve you a Fortnight longer from the Fool;
your

Wit without Money.

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your Hat, pray be Cover'd; and there's the Waistcoat your Worship sent me, 'twill serve you at a Country Affizes yet.

Fount. Nay Faith Sir, you may e'en rub these out now.

Val. No such Relique, not the least Rag of such a sordid Weakness shall keep me warm—These Breeches are my own, (and all that's in 'em) purchas'd and paid for without your Compassion, and so I'll keep 'em.

Hair. So they seem, Sir.

Val. Only the Thirteen Shillings and the odd Groat in these Breeches shall be yours, Sir A Mark to know a Knave by. Do not displease me more, but take it presently. Now I am perfect, and now let the proudest of your Worships tell me I am beholding to ye——

Fount. No such matter.

Val. And take heed how you Pity me; 'tis dangerous, exceeding dangerous to prate of Pity. Which are the Poorer, I without you, or you without my Knowledge? Be Rogues, and so be gone; be Rogues, and reply not, for if you do——

Bell. Only thus much, and then we'll leave ye; the Air is sharper far than our Anger, Sir.

Hair. Pray have a Care, good Sir, of your Health.
[*Ex. Lovers.*]

Val. Yes Hog-herds, more than you can have of your Wits. 'Tis Cold, and I am very sensible on't, extremely Cold, and yet I will not off till I have sham'd these Rascals. But I am Colder here, not a Penny left.

[*Searching his Pockets.*]

Enter

Enter Uncle with a Bag, and Lance.

Uncle. It has taken rarely, and now he's fled, sure he will be rul'd.

Lance. To him, to him, abuse him, and nip him close.

Uncle. Why how now Cousin, Sunning your self this Weather?

Val. As you see, Sir, in a hot Fit, I thank my Friends.

Uncle. But Cousin, where are your Cloaths, Man? Those are no Inheritance, your Scruple may compound with those I take it; this is no Fashion Cousin?

Val. Not much follow'd I must confess; yet, Uncle, I intend to try what may be done next Term?

Lance. How came you thus, Sir?

Val. Rags, Toys and Trifles, fit only for those Fools that first possess'd 'em, and to those Knaves they're render'd. Freeman, Uncle, ought to appear like Innocent old *Adam*, a Fig-Leaf's sufficient.

Uncle. Were those your Friends that clear'd you thus?

Val. Hang Friends, and even Reck'nings that make Friends!

Uncle. I thought, till now, there had been no such Loving, no such Purchase, for all the rest is Labour, as a List of Honourable Friends: Do such Men as you, Sir, after all your Travels, and those great Gifts of Nature, aim at no more than casting off your Coats. I am strangely concern'd.

Lance. Should not the Town shake at the Cold you feel now, and all the Gentry suffer Interdiction. No more Sense spoken; Wit be blasted, and Taverns broken.

broken. All Things, *Goth* and *Vandal*, 'till you be equipt again in Velvets and Scarlets, bedaub'd with Gold Lace.

Val. Gentlemen you have Talk'd long. I beseech you take Breath a while, and hear me: You imagine now, I see by your Behaviour, that I'm at the last, as also that my Friends are flown like Swallows after Summer.

Uncle. Yes, Sir.

Val. And that I have no more in this poor Pannier to raise me up again above your Rents, Uncle?

Uncle. All this I do believe.

Val. You have no Mind to better me?

Uncle. Yes, Cousin, to that End I came, and once more offer you all that my Power is Master of.

Val. A Match then. Lay me down Fifty Pounds there.

Uncle. There it is, Sir.

Val. And Write on it, that you are pleas'd to give me this as due to my Merit, without Caution of redeeming Land, tedious Thanks, or Thrift hereafter to be hop'd for.

Uncle. How!

[*Lucy lays a Suit of Cloaths and a Letter at the Door.*]

Val. Without Daring, when you're Drunk, to utter Revilings, to which you are prone in Sack, Uncle.

Uncle. I thank you, Sir.

Lance. Come, Sir, come away, let the young Wanton play a while; away I say, Sir: Let him go forward with his naked Fashion; he'll seek you to morrow. Fine Weather, sultry Hot, sultry, how I Sweat!

Uncle. Farewel, Sir.

[*Ex. Uncle and Lance.*]

Val. Wou'd I Sweat too, I am monstrous Vext and Cold too; and these are but thin Pumps to walk the Streets in. Cloaths I must get, this Fashion will not

G

fadge

fadge with me ; besides 'tis an ill Winter wear—— What art thou ? Yes, they are Cloaths, and Rich ones, some Fool has left 'em, and if I should utter—— What's this Paper here ? Let these be worn only by the most Noble and Deserving Gentleman *Valentine*—— Dropt out o'th' Clouds ! I think the Pockets full of Gold too, aye. Well I'll leave my Wonder, and be warm again.

*In the next House this cooling Dress I'll shift,
Some Luck still helps me out at a dead Lift.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Francisco, Uncle, and Lance.

Fran. **W**HY do you deal thus with him, 'tis too severe?

Uncle. Peace Cousin, peace, you are too tender of him; he must be dealt with thus, he must be cur'd thus. The Violence of his Disease, *Frank*, must not be Jested with, 'tis groun Infectious, and now strong Corrosives must cure him.

Lance. H'as had a Stinger has eat off his Cloaths; next his Skin comes.

Uncle. And let it search him to the Bones, 'tis the better, 'twill make him feel it.

Lance. Where be his noble Friends, now? Will his fantastical Opinion cloath him? Or the learn'd Art of having nothing Feed him?

Uncle. It must; we'll try, for all his Friends have flung him off. And where to Skin himself again if I know—or can devise how he should get himself a Lodging. His Spirit must be bow'd, and now we have him at that we hop'd for.

Lance. Next time we meet him cracking o' Nuts, with half a Cloak about him, or borrowing of Sixpence.

Fran. Which way went he?

Lance. Pox, why shou'd you ask after him, you have been shav'd already? Let him take his Fortune, he spun it out himself, Sir, there's no Pi.y.

Uncle. Besides, some Good may come to you now from his Misery.

Fran. I rise upon his Ruins! Fie, fie, Uncle; fie honest *Lance*: Those Gentlemen were base that cou'd so soon take Fire to his Destruction.

Uncle. You are a Fool, a Fool, a young Man.

Enter Valentine.

Val. 'Morrow Uncle, morrow *Frank*, sweet *Frank*, and how, and how d'ye think now, how show Matters! 'Morrow *Bandog*.

Uncle. How!

Fran. Is this Man naked, forsaken of his Friends?

Val. Th'art handsome, *Frank*, a pretty Gentleman. Faith, thou look'st well, and yet here may be those that look as hadsome.

Lance. Sure he can Conjure; and has the Devil for his Taylor!

Uncle. New and Rich, how is this possible?

Lance. Give him this Luck, and fling him into the Sea.

Uncle. 'Tis not he. Imagination cannot work this Miracle.

Val. Yes, yes, 'tis he I will assure ye, Uncle, the very he, the he your Worship plaid upon, I thank you for't. Laught at his Nakedness, and made his Cold and Poverty your Pastime. You see I Live, and the best can do no more, Uncle: And tho' I have no Estate, I keep the
Streets

Streets still, and take my Pleasure in the Town, like a poor Gentleman. Wear Cloaths to keep me warm; mean Things, they serve me: Can make a Show too if I please yet, Uncle, and Ring a Peal in my Pocket ding, dong, Uncle. These are mad foolish Ways, but who can help it?

Uncle. I am amaz'd!

Lance. I'll sell my Copy-hold, for since there are such excellent New-nothings, why shou'd I labour? Is there no Fairy haunts him, no Rat, no old Woman?

Uncle. You are *Valentine*?

Val. I think so, I cannot tell, I have been call'd so, and some say Christen'd. Why do you wonder at me, and swell as if you had met a Serjeant fasting? Did you ever know a Man of Merit want? Y're Fools, a little Stoop there may be to allay him, he wou'd grow too Rank else, a small Eclipse to shadow him, but out he must, and break glowingly again, and with a glorious Lustre. Look ye, Uncle, Motion and Majesty——

Uncle. I am confounded.

Fran. I am of his Faith.

Val. Walk by his careless Kinsman, and turn again, and walk, and look thus, Uncle, taking some one by the Hand he loves best, leave the rest to the Mercy of the Hog-Market. Come, *Frank*, Fortune is now my Friend, let me Instruct thee.

Fran. 'Morrow, Uncle, I must needs go with him.

Val. Fley me, and turn me out, where none Inhabits; within two Hours I shall be thus again——
Now wonder on, and laugh at your own Ignorance.

[*Ex. Val. and Frank.*]

Uncle. I do believe him.

Lance. So do I, and heartily; upon my Conscience bury him stark naked, he'd rise again within two Hours Embroider'd. Sow Mustard-Seeds, and they can't come

come up so thick as his new Suits do. There's no striving—

Uncle. Let him play a while then, and let's search out what Hand—

Lance. I; there the Game lies: [Exeunt.

Enter Fountain, Bellamour and Hairbrain.

Fount. Come, let's speak for our selves, we've lodg'd him safe enough; his Nakedness dare not peep out to cross us.

Bell. We can have no Admittance.

Hairb. Let's in boldly, and use our best Arts; whoe'er she's pleas'd to Favour, we're all content.

Fount. Much good may do him with her, no Civil Wars.

Bell. By no means. Now do I wonder in what old Ivy-tod he lies whistling, for Money nor Cloaths he's none, nor none will trust him, we have made that Side sure; we'll teach him a new Wooing.

Hairb. Say it is his Uncle's Spight.

Fount. It is all one, Gentlemen, it has rid us of a fair Incumbrance, and makes us look about to our own Fortunes. Who are these?

Enter Isabella and Lucy.

Isab. Not see this Man yet! Well, I shall be Wiser: But, *Lucy*, did'st ever know a Woman melt so?

Lucy. Peace, the three Suitors.

Isab. I cou'd so Titter now and Laugh, I was lost, and I must love I know not what. O *Cupid*, what pretty Gins thou hast to halter Woodcocks! And we must into the Country in all haste, *Lucy*.

Lucy.

Wit without Mony.

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Lucy. For Heaven's Sake, Madam.

Ifab. Nay, I have done, I must Laugh tho'; but Scholar I shall teach you.

Fount. 'Tis her Sister.

Bell. Servant, Ladies.

Ifab. Well met, Gentlemen. You are Visiting my Sister I assure my self.

Hairb. We wou'd fain blefs our Eyes——

Ifab. Behold and welcome; you wou'd see her?

Fount. 'Tis our Business.

Ifab. You shall see her, and you shall talk with her.

Lucy. She will not see 'em, nor spend a Word——

Ifab. I'll make her fret a thousand.

Lucy. She cannot endure 'em.

Ifab. She loves 'em but too dearly. Come follow me, I'll bring you t'th' Party, Gentlemen; then make your own Conditions.

Lucy. She's sick you know.

Ifab. I'll make her well, or kill her. Take no idle Answer, you're Fools then; nor keep'off, for her State, she'll scorn ye all then; but urge her still, and tho' she fret, follow her. A Widow must be won so.

Bell. She speaks bravely.

Ifab. I wou'd fain have a Brother-in-law, I love Mens Company: And if she call for Dinner to avoid ye, be sure you stay. Follow her into her Chamber, if she retire to pray, pray with her like bold and honest Lovers.

Lucy. This will kill her.

Fount. You have show'd us one Way, do but lead us 'tother.

Ifab. I know you stand on Thorns. Come, I'll dispatch ye.

Lucy.

Lucy. If she live after this——

Isab. I have lost my Aim.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Valentine and Francisco.

Fran. Did you not see 'em since?

Val. No, hang 'em, hang 'em.

Fran. Nor will you not be seen by 'em?

Val. Let me alone, *Frank*, I'll be even with 'em.

Fran. Such base, ungrateful Wretches.

Val. I'll be Reveng'd e'er I ha' done with 'em.

Fran. Will you go with me, for I wou'd fain find this Piece of Bounty! 'Twas the Widow's Man, that I am certain of.

Val. To what End wou'd you go?

Fran. To give Thanks.

Val. Hang giving Thanks, hast not thou Parts to deserve it? It includes a further Will to be beholding. Beggars can do no more at Doors: If you will go, there lies your Way.

Fran. I hope you'll go.

Val. No, not in Ceremony, and to a Woman, with my own Father were he living, *Frank*. I wou'd to Court with Bears first, if it be that Woman I think it is, for 'tother's wifer, I wou'd not be so lookt upon, and laugh'd at, so made a Ladder for her Wit to climb upon, for 'tis the tartest Tit in *Christendom*: I know her well, *Frank*, and have buckl'd with her; and have been so fear'd upon and flouted, and shown to Chamber-Maids, as if I had been a strange Beast, she had purchas'd with her Mony.

Fran. You are a strange Man. But d'ye think it was a Woman?

Val.

Wit without Mony.

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Val. There's no doubt on't. Who can there be to do it else? Besides, the Manner and the Circumstances.

Fran. Then such Curtesies, whoever does 'em, Sir, must be more lookt into, and better answer'd than with Sights, Men may starve else. Mony is not gotten now with crying out, I am a Gallant Fellow, a good Soldier, a Man of Learning, and fit to be Employ'd. Immediate Blessings, like Miracles, are ceas'd; and we must grow by second Means. Pray go with me, if you love me, Sir.

Val. I will come to thee; but *Frank*, I'll not stay to hear your Fopperies; dispatch those e'er I come.

Fran. You will not fail me?

Val. Some two Hours hence expect me.

Fran. I thank you, and will look for ye. [Exeunt.]

Enter Widow, Shorthose and Roger.

Wid. Who let in these Puppies? You blind Raskals, you drunken Knaves.

Short. Yes, Madam, I'll let 'em in presently—
Gentlemen—

Wid. Hold your bauling Rogue.

Short. I baul as loud as I can. Wou'd you have me fetch 'em on my Back?

Wid. Get 'em out Raskal, out with 'em, out, I sweat to have 'em near me.

Short. I shall sweat more to carry 'em out.

Rog. They are Gentlemen, Madam.

Short. Shall we get 'em into the Buttery, and make 'em Drunk?

Wid. Do any thing, so I be reliev'd.

H

Enter

Enter Isab. Fount. Bellam. and Hairb.

Isab. Now to her, fear nothing.

Rog. Slip aside, Boy, I know she loves 'em, however she carries it, and has invited 'em; my young Mistress told me so.

Short. Away then.

[*Ex. Ser.*

Fount. You are too Curious, Madam, too full of Preparation, we expect it not.

Bell. Methinks your House is handsome, every Place decent, what need you be vext?

Hairb. We are no Strangers.

Fount. What, tho' we come e'er you expected us; don't we know your Entertainments, Madam, are free, and full at all times.

Wid. Y'are merry, Gentlemen.

Bell. We come to be merry, Madam, and very merry, to laugh heartily, and now and then, Lady, a Word of our old Plea.

Wid. I am busie, and very busie too — Will none deliver me?

[*Aside.*

Hairb. There is a Time for all Things; you may be busie, but when your Friends come, Madam —

Wid. This is a tedious Torment.

Fount. How handome this little Piece of Anger shows upon her! Well, Madam, well, you know how to grace your self.

Bell. Nay, every Thing she does breeds a new Sweetness.

Wid. I must go up, I have some Business waits me; Wine for the Gentleman there —

Hairb. Nay, we'll go with you, we never saw your Chambers yet.

Isab.

Wit without Mony.

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Ifab. Hold there, Boys.

Wid. Perhaps I go to my Prayers.

Fount. We'll pray with you, and help your Meditations.

Wid. This is Boisterous ; say I go to Sleep, will you go with me too?

Bell. So suddenly before your Meat is dangerous. We know your Dinner's ready, Lady, you will not Sleep.

Wid. Get my Coach ready ; I'll take the Air.

Hairb. We'll wait on you.

Wid. Let it alone. Call my Steward to me, and bid him bring his Accounts into the Garden — These unmannerly rude Fellows. [Exit Widow.]

Fount. We'll walk after you, and view the Pleasure of the Place.

Ifab. Let her not rest, for if you give her Breath she'll scorn and flout ye——Seem how she will, this is the Way to win her——Be bold and Prosper.

Bell. Nay, if we don't tire her—— [Exit Lovers.]

Ifab. I'll teach you to worm me, good Lady Sister, and peep into my Privacies, to suspect me. I'll torture you with that you hate, most daintily, and when I have done that, laugh at what you love.

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. What have you done, she Chafes and Foams most outrageously, and still they persecute her.

Ifab. Long may they do so. I'll teach her to declaim against my Pities. Why is she not gone out o' Town, but gives Men Occasion to run mad after her?

Lucy. I shall be hang'd.

Ifab. This in me had been high Treason ; three at a Time, and private in her Garden ! I hope she'll cast her Account right now.

H 2

Enter

Enter Widow.

Wid. Well, I shall find who brought 'em.

Ifab. Ha, ha, ha.

Wid. Why d'ye laugh, Sister. I fancy 'twas your Trick, 'twas neatly done of you, and well becomes your Pleasure.

Ifab. What have you done with 'em?

Wid. Lock'd 'em into the Garden: There I'll make 'em Dance and Caper too, before they get their Liberty, insolent vain Wretches!

Ifab. They are somewhat Saucy, but yet I'll let 'em out, and once more sound 'em—— Why were they not beaten out?

Wid. I was about it, but because they came as Suitors——

Ifab. Why did you not Answer 'em?

Wid. They're so Impudent they'll receive none—— More yet: How came they in?

Enter Francisco and Lance.

Lance. At the Door, Madam.

Ifab. It is that Face.

Lucy. This is the Gentleman.

[*Aside to the Widow.*

Wid. She sent the Mony to?

Lucy. The same.

Ifab. They have some Business with you, I suppose.

Wid. Nay, you shall stay, Sister, they're both Strangers to me. How her Face alters!

Ifab. I am sorry he comes now.

Wid. I am glad he is here now tho'. Who would you speak with, Gentlemen?

Lance. You, Madam, or your fair Sister there. Here's a Gentleman that has receiv'd a Benefit.

Wid. From whom, Sir?

Lance.

Lance. From one of you, as he supposes, Madam; your Man deliver'd it.

Wid. Pray go forward.

Lance. And of so great a Value, that he dar'd not without the Tender of his Thanks and Service, pass by the House.

Wid. Which is the Gentleman?

Lance. This, Madam.

Wid. What's your Name, Sir?

Fran. They that know me, call me *Francisco*, Madam, one not so Proud to scorn so timely a Benefit, nor so base to hide my Gratitude.

Wid. It is well bestow'd then, Sir.

Fran. Your fair Sister, or your self it seems, for what Desert I dare not know, have shower'd upon my Wants a timely Bounty.

Wid. I am sorry 'twas not mine. This is the Gentlewoman, Sir. Fie, do not Blush, he's a pretty Fellow.

Isab. You have three fine ones.

Fran. Then to you, Madam.

Isab. Pray no more, Sir, if I may perswade ye. Your only Design to do this is recompence enough, and more than I expected.

Fran. But good Madam.

Isab. And for me further to be acquainted with it, wou'd fix on me the Imputation of Vain-Glory. I did it, and if it happen'd where I thought it fit, I have my End, more to enquire is curious in either of us.

Fran. But, Madam, 'twill be necessary—

Isab. Do not fright me with your full blown Face of Complements, it blasts it. Had you not come at all, but only thought Thanks, 'thad been too much; 'twas not to see your Person—

Wid. A brave Dissembler, and how she carries it!

Isab. Tho' I believe few handsomer. Or to hear you, tho' I affect a good Tongue well. Or to try you, tho' my Years desire a Friend, that I reliev'd you. Let it suffice you have it, 'twas never mine while good Men wanted it.

Lance. This is a Saint sure!

Isab. And if you be not such a one, restore it.

Fran.

Fran. To commend my self, were more officious than you think my Thanks are, Madam; yours is the first Money I e'er took upon such forc'd ill Manners.

Ifab. The last of me, if ever you use others.

Fran. How may I do, your way, to be thought grateful?

Ifab. Spend it, and say nothing. Your Modesty may deserve more. I did it that my best Friend shou'd not know it. Use it in well bestowing it, in shewing it came to be a Benefit, and was so: And not examining a Woman did it, and to what end.

Fran. Madam, I were unworthy of a Favour, were I not Master of so much Prudence. Ladies Honours were ever in my Thoughts held sacred, and so I shall preserve 'em.

Ifab. Keep but this way, and you have paid me. And so I wish you a good Fortune. [Exit.]

Wid. Fear not, the Woman will be thank'd, I do not doubt it. Are you so crafty, carry it so precisely. [aside] Despair not, Gentlemen, there is an Hour to catch a Woman in, if you be wise, so I must leave you too. [Exit.]

Lance. I never knew yet so few Years, and so much Cunning; yet believe she has an Itch, but how to make her confess it? For 'tis a crafty Tit, and plays about ye; will not bite home, she wou'd fain, but dares not. Carry your self so discreetly, Sir, that Want or Wantonness seem not to search ye, and you shall see her open.

Fran. I do love her, and were I rich wou'd marry her; ha! *Lance*, but some Leaden-Landed Rogue will have this Wench now when all's done. Some Dunce that knows no more but Markets, and admires nothing but a long Charge at Assizes; O Fortune!

Enter Isabellá and Lucy.

Lance. Comfort your self.

Lucy. They are here still, and alone too, boldly upon't. Nay, Madam, I told ye how 'twou'd end. This 'tis to venture your Charity upon a Stranger.

Lance. Now stand fast, and like your self.

Ifab

Ifab. Prithee no more Wench.

Lucy. What were his Wants to you?

Ifab. 'Tis true.

Lucy. Or Misery? or say he had been inth' Cage, was there no Mercy to look abroad but yours?

Ifab. I am paid for Fooling.

Lucy. Must every slight Companion that can purchase a shew of Poverty, and beggarly Planet, fall under your Compassion?

Lance. Here's a new matter.

Lucy. Nay, you are serv'd right enough: Here he stays still, as I live——

Fran. How her Face alters on me!

Lucy. Out of Confidence, I hope.

Ifab. I am glad on't.

Fran. How do you, noble Madam?

Ifab. Much a sham'd, Sir, (but first stand further off me, you're Infectious) to find such Vanity, nay almost Impudence, where I believ'd much Worth. Is this your Thanks, your Gratitude, you were so mad to pay me?

Lance. What, Madam?

Ifab. Take your Bait again, Sir, it will not serve, the Woman won't bite, y'are finely Cozen'd. Drop it no more for shame!

Lucy. D'ye think y'are here, Sir, among your Strollers, your base Women that catch at such Occasions: You are deceiv'd, this is a Lady of a noble House, born to a better Fame than you can build her, and looks above your Pitch.

Fran. I do acknowledge——

Ifab. Then I beseech you, Sir, what cou'd you see in my Behaviour of such Looseness, that you durst venture to do this?

Fran. You amaze me! This Ring is none of mine, nor did I drop it.

Lucy. I saw you drop it, Sir.

Ifab.

Isab. I took it up too, still expecting when your Modesty wou'd miss it. Why, what a Childish part was this?

Fran. I vow—

Isab. He that does this has bred himself to boldness, to swear and forswear too. There take your Gewgaw, y'are too much pamper'd, and I repent my part in't. As you grow older grow wiser, if you can, and so farewell, Sir.

[*Exit Isab. and Lucy.*]

Lance. Grow wiser if you can ! She has put it t'ye. 'Tis a rich Ring, did you drop it, Sir?

Fran. Never ! ne'er saw it before, *Lance.*

Lance. Thereby hangs a Tail then. What Slights she makes to catch herself ! Look up, Sir, you can't miss her if you wou'd : How daintely she flies before the Lure, and cunningly she makes her Stops ! Whistle and she'll come t'ye.

Fran. Ay, wou'd I were so happy !

Lance. Maids are Clocks, the greatest Wheel they show goes slowest to us, and makes us hang on tedious Hopes ; the lesser which are conceal'd being often Oyl'd with Wishes, flee like Desires, and never leave that motion till the Tongue strikes. She is Flesh and Blood, Young as her Purpose, and Soft as Pity ; and I know how, e'er she appears now, which is near enough, you are stark blind if you hit not soon. She'd venture Forty Pound more to have a Flea in your Shape bite her. Drop no more Rings for so'th ! this was the prettiest thing to know her Heart by.

Fran. Thou giv'st me much Hopes, *Lance.*

Lance. Hopes ! Does she not point you out the Way, drop no more Rings. She'll drop her self on you.

Fran. I wonder my Brother comes not.

Lance. Let him alone, and feed your self with your own Fortune. Come, be merry, and let's be wondrous wise, and full of Council. Drop no more Rings, ha, ha, ha ! —

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter

Enter Widow, Fountain, Bellamore *and* Hairbrain.

Wid. If you will needs be foolish you must be us'd so. Who sent for you? who encourag'd ye Gentlemen? who bid you wellcome hither? You come crowding, and impudently bold, press on my Patience, as if I kept a House for all Companies, and of all sorts: Will have your Wills: Will vex me, and force my liking from ye.

Fount. For all this we will Dine with you.

Bell. And for all this have a better Answer from ye.

Wid. You shall never, neither have another Answer, nor Dinner, unless you use me with more Respect, and stay your time too.

Enter Isabella, Shorthose, Roger, Humphry, Ralph *with*
Dishes of Meat.

Ifab. Forward with the Meat now.

Rog. Come, Gentlemen, march handsomly.

Shor. Roger, you are a weak serving-man, your white Broath runs from you. Fie, how I sweat under this Load of Beef, an Elephant can't do more! Oh! for such a Back now, and in these Times, what might a Man arrive at? Goose-graze you up, and Wood-cock march behind thee. I am almost founder'd.

Wid. Who bid ye bring the Meat yet? Away, I won't dine this two Hours. How am I vex'd and chaf'd! Go carry't back, and tell the Cook he's a Rascal to send before I call'd.

Shor. Face about then, Gentlemen, beat a mournful March, and some Supporters, or I perish—— [*Exit Ser.*]

Ifab. It does me a World o' good to see her vex'd thus.

Hair. We can stay, Madam, and will stay and dwell here, 'tis a good Air.

Fount. I know you have Beds enough, and Meat you never want.

Wid. If I had ye out—I'd be at the Charge of a Portcullis for ye.

I

Enter

*Enter Valentine.**Val.* Good morrow, Madam——*Wid.* Good morrow, Sir——How sweetly now he looks, and how manfully ! What Slaves were those to use him so ! [*aside.**Val.* I come to look a young Man I call Brother.*Wid.* Such a one was here, Sir, but has been gone almost an Hour.*Val.* Farwell then——*Wid.* You must not go so soon, Sir. Here be some Gentlemen, perhaps you may be acquainted with.*Hair.* Will nothing make him miserable ?*Fount.* How glorious !*Bell.* It is the very he, does it rain Fortune on him, or has he a Familier ?*Hair.* How dogged he looks too ?*Fount.* Pray let's be going.*Val.* Where are these Gentlemen ?*Wid.* Here.*Val.* Yes, I do know 'em, and shall be more familier:*Bell.* 'Morrow, Madam.*Wid.* Nay, stay and Dine.*Val.* You shall stay till I talk with ye, and not Dine neither. You think you have undone me, think so still, and swallow the Belief, till you're Company for Court-hand Clerks, and starv'd Attorneys ; 'till you break in at Plays like Prentices and Footmen ; till you return to what I found ye, People betray'd into the Hands of Pick-pockets ; till Taverns allow you but the Towel-Room to tiple Wine in, that the Bell has gone for twice, and Glasses that look like broken Promises ty'd up with wicker Protestations ; till this Hour, this fatal Hour comes again——Think I sit down the Loofer——*Wid.* Will you stay, Gentlemen, a piece of Beef, and a cold Capon, that's all, you know you'r wellcome.*Bell.* Steal off, the Devil is in his Anger.*Wid.*

Wid. Nay, I'm sure you will not leave me so unkindly, now I have provided for you.

Val. What do you here? Why d'ye vex a Lady of her Quality and Worth? Can you bring a good Certificate that you deserve to be her Footmen? Husbands ye Puppies, away you Wind suckers. Do not look big, nor prate, nor stay, nor grumble, and when you are gone seem to laugh at my Fury, and slight this Lady: I shall hear, and know this; and tho' I am not bound to fight for Women, as far as they're good, I dare defend 'em. Your Honours — Now go, avoid me instantly. [Exit Suitors.]

Wid. Well, Sir, you have deliver'd me I thank you, and withall prevented sawcy Words their Tongues might utter: Now we'll all go eat, Sir.

Val. No, no; I dare not trust my seif with Women. Go to your Meat, eat little, take less ease, and tie your Body to a daily Labour, you may live handsomely. And so I thank you. [Exit.]

Wid. Well, go thy ways, thou art a noble Fellow: Never, never Man had such a careless Art of Pleasing—Sure never Woman's Heart was so strangely won as mine is—Other Ladies are engag'd by great Professions of Love, by long Courtships, nice Flattery, and the like: But I am gain'd, I think, by his Contempt of me. In short, I am charm'd by I know not what my self.

To make my Passion known, what shall I do?

'Tis down right Shame for Women first to Woo:

I'll work the means; for when our Hearts incline,

We still find ways to do what we design.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Uncle. MOST certain, 'tis her Hands that hold him up,
and 'tis her Sister that maintains *Frank*.

Mer. I am glad to hear it. But why don't they pursue this Fortune to some good end?

Uncle. The Women are too crafty, *Valentine* too coy, and *Frank* too bashful. Had any wise Men hold of such a Blessing, they'd strike it out o'th' Flint but they would form it.

Enter Widow and Shorthose.

Mer. The Widow sure; why is she stirring so early?

Wid. 'Tis strange I cannot make him understand me, and make a Benefit of what I'd bring him. Tell my Sister I'll say my Prayers at home this Morning, she may, if she pleases, go to Church.

Short. Hoy, ho.

[*Yawning.*]

Wid. And do you wait upon her with a Flamboy, Sir.

Short. Hoy, ho.

Wid. You lazy Knave.

Short. Here's such a tinkle tankling, that we can ne'er lie quiet and sleep our Prayers out. This Morning Prayer has brought me into a Consumption, I have nothing left but Flesh and Bones about me.

Wid. You drowsy Slave, nothing but sleep and swilling?

Short. Had ye been bitten with *Bandog* Flea's as I ha' been, and haunted with the Night-Mare, you wou'd have little mind to Morning Prayers——Pray take my Fellow *Ralph*, he has a Psalm Book.

Wid.

Wid. Go get you ready quickly, and when she is so, wait upon her handsomly. No more, begone——

Short. If I do shure my part out——

[*Exit Short.*]

Uncle. Now to our purpose.

Mer. Good morrow, Madam.

Wid. Good morrow, Gentlemen.

Uncle. Good Joy and Fortune t'ye.

Wid. These are good Things, and worth my Thanks, Sir.

Mer. Much Joy I hope you'll find. We came to Congratulate your new knit Marriage-Bond.

Wid. How!

Uncle. He is a Gentleman, my fair Niece.

Wid. Niece, Sir!

Uncle. Yes, Madam, now I may say so, 'tis no shame t'ye. I say a Gentleman, and winking at some light Fancies which you most happily may like him for, as well behav'd, and nobly bred as any Man.

Wid. What's all this, I understand you not, what Niece? what Marriage Knot?

Uncle. I'll tell you plainly——You are my Niece, and *Valentine's* the Gentleman has made you so by Marriage.

Wid. Marriage!

Uncle. Yes, Madam, and 'twas a noble and a vertuous Part to take a falling Man to your Protection, and buoy him up again to all his Glories.

Wid. The Men are mad.

Mer. What, tho' he wanted those outward Things that flie away like Shaddows, was not his Mind a full one, and a brave one? You have Wealth enough to give him gloss and outside, and he has Wit enough to deserve your Favour.

Uncle. I always thought he wou'd do well.

Mer. Nay, I know that however he wheel'd about, he wou'd charge home at last like a brave Gentleman. Heaven's Blessing on your Heart, Madam, we are so bound to honour ye, in all our Service so devoted t'ye——

Uncle. Do not look so strange, Madam, it must be known.

Wid.

Wit without Money.

Wid. This is the finest Riddle—And I am Marry'd then?

Mer. You are in a miserable Estate else, in the World's Opinion—I wou'd not for your Wealth it came to doubting.

Wid. And I am great with Child.

Uncle. No, great they say not, but 'tis the full Opinion you are with Child, and great Joy among the Gentlemen. Your Husband has bestir'd himself fairly.

Mer. Alas! we know his private Hours of Entrance, how long, and where he stay'd. Cou'd name the Bed too—

Wid. I shall believe anon!

Uncle. And we consider for some Reasons you wou'd have it private, yet take your own Pleasure, and so good morrow my best Niece.

Wid. No, no, pray stay?

Mer. You'll find him noble—This may work upon her.
[*Ex. Uncle and Mer.*]

Wid. This is a fine Story indeed, Marry'd and with Child too! How long has this been I wonder. They seem grave Gentlemen, they shou'd not come to laugh at me. Marry'd and Bedded! The World takes notice too? Where lies the Jest of this? I cou'd be vext extreamly now, rail too, but 'tis to no purpose. I'll take this Occasion to speak with him, this may give me an Opportunity of shewing my Inclination, and help me on with my real design of marrying him. Who waits there?

Enter Humphry.

Humph. Madam.

Wid. Run immediatly to *Valentine*, let him know I have heard something that I wish he wou'd explain to me: And desire he will give himself the Trouble to come hither. And hark you, Sir, be secret and speedy. Enquire out where he lies.

Humph. I shall do it, Madam—

Wid. Marry'd, and got with Child in a Dream, very fine, sure he that did do this, wou'd do better waking.

[*Exit.*
Enter

Enter Valentine, Francisco, Lance, and Boy with a Flamboy.

Val. Hold the Flamboy handsomly. How do'st thee, *Frank*?

Fran. You have fous'd me to some purpose.

Lance. Now cou'd I fight, and fight with you.

Val. With me, thou Man of Memphis?

Lance. But that thou'rt my own natural Master. Yet thou art no Man, thou art a Pagan, and paun'st thy Land.

Val. No Arms, dear *Lance*, no fighting here. We will have Lands, Boy, Livings and Titles. Thou shalt be a Vice-Roy; hang Fighting, hang't, 'tis out o' Fashion.

Lance. I wou'd fain belabour you into your Land again, it is my Duty.

Fran. Fie, *Lance*, fie.

Lance. I must beat some body, and why not my Master before a Stranger, Charity and Beating begins at Home.

Val. Come, thou shalt beat me.

Lance. I will not be compell'd, an ye were two Masters, I scorn the Motion.

Val. Wilt thou sleep?

Lance. I scorn sleep.

Val. Wilt thou go eat?

Lance. I scorn Meat. Look ye, if you will not take your Mortgage again; here do I hide *St. George*, and so forth.

Val. And here do I *St. George* bestride the Dragon.

Lance. I sting with my Tail.

Val. Do you so, do you so, Sir.

Frank. By no means hurt him.

Val. Take this, and now rise, thou new-made Knight: lace on thy Helmet of enchanted Sack, and charge again.

Lance. I'll play no more, you abuse me; will ye go?

Frank. I'll bid you good morrow, Brother, for sleep I can't, I have a thousand Fancies.

Val.

Val. Now thou art new made, go bravely to the Business, and do something of worth, *Frank.*

Lance. You shall hear from us. [*Exit Frank and Lance.*]

Val. This Rogue, I thought wou'd have beaten me, 'tis the the most pettish Rogue.

Enter Uncle, Merchant, and a Boy with a Flamboy.

Uncle. 'Tis he.

Mer. Good morrow.

Val. Why, Sir, good morrow to you too, and you be so lusty.

Uncle. You have made your Brother a fine Man, we met him.

Val. I made him a fine Gentleman, he was a Fool before; what wou'd you have with me?

Mer. I come to tell you your latest Hour is come.

Val. Are you my Sentence?

Mer. The Sentence of the Estate.

Val. Let it be hang'd then, and let it be hang'd high enough, that I may not see it.

Uncle. A gracious Resolution!

Val. What wou'd you have else with me? Will ye go drink, and let the World slide, ha, ha, ha, Boys, drink, Boys, drink.

Mer. Have you no feeling, Sir?

Val. Come hither, *Merchant*, make me a Supper, thou most reverend Land-catcher, a Supper of Forty Pounds.

Mer. What then, Sir?

Val. Then bring thy Wife along, thy fair Sisters, thy Neighbours, and their Wives, and all their Trinkets, and let me have forty Trumpets, and such Wine! We'll laugh at the Miseries of Mortgage. And then in state I'll render thee an Answer.

Mer. What say you to this?

Uncle.

Uncle. I dare not say, nor think neither.

Mer. Will you redeem your Estate? Speak to the Purpose, Sir.

Val. My Estate, no! I'd sooner be a Slave in the Turkish Gallies.

Mer. Then I must take an Order——

Val. Take a Thousand, I will not keep it, nor thou shalt not have it, because thou cam'st in the Nick thou shalt not have it. Go, take Possession, and be sure you hold it; hold fast with both Hands, for there be those Hounds uncoupl'd, will ring you such a Peal. Go down in Glory, and march upon my Land, and cry All's mine. But know, thou foolish Merchant, my Tenants are no Subjects, they obey nothing, and they are People too never Christen'd. They know no Law, nor Conscience, they'll devour thee, they'll confound thee within three Days. No Bit, nor Memory of what thou wert, no, not the Wart upon thy Nose there, shall be e'er heard of more. Go, take Possession, and bring thy Children down to Roast like Rabbits: They love young Toasts and Butter, as they love Mischief, and hate Law; they are Cannibals. Bring down thy Kindred too that be not Fruitful, there be those Mandrakes will Molify 'em. Go, take Possession, I'll to my Chamber. Along before Boy, go. [Exit. Val.]

Mer. He's mad, sure.

Uncle. He's Drunk, sure. And yet I like this unwillingness to lose it, this looking back.

Mer. Yes, if he did it handsomly; but he's so harsh, and strange——

Uncle. Believe it 'tis his Drink, Sir. And I am glad the Drink has reveal'd it.

Mer. Cannibals! If ever I come to view his Regiment. If fair Terms may be had.

Uncle. He tells the Truth, Sir, they are a kind of the most boisterous Raskals Disorder ever bred. Let 'em be mad once, the Power of the whole Country cannot cool 'em. Be patient but a little longer.

Mer. As long as you will, Sir. Before I buy a Bargain of such Out-laws, I'll buy a Colledge for Bears, and live among 'em.

Enter Francisco, Lance, Boy with a Flamboy.

Fran. And how do'st thou now?

Lance. Better than I was, but my Head's a Hoghead still, it roulds and tumbles——

Fran. Thou wert paid off.

Lance. I may live to requite it.

Fran. 'Twas all but Sport. I'll tell thee what I mean now. I mean to see this Girl.

Lance. Where a Devil is she? An there were two 'twere better.

Fran. Do'st thou hear the Bell ring?

Lance. Yes, yes.

Fran. Then she comes to Prayer each Morning thither. Now, if I cou'd but meet her? For I am of another Mettle now.

Enter Isabella and Shorthose with a Flamboy.

Lance. What Light's yon?

Fran. Ha! 'tis she; take her by the Hand, and court her.

Lance. Take her below the Girdle, you'll never speed else, she comes this way still. Oh that I had but such an Opportunity in a Saw-Pit?

Fran. Fortune I thank thee——Good morrow, Madam.

Isab. What Voice is that? Sirrah d'ye sleep as ye go? 'Tis he. I'm glad on't. Why *Shorthose*?

Short. Yes, forsooth; I dreamt I was going to Church.

Lance. She sees you as plain as I do.

Isab. Hold your Flamboy up.

Short. Here's nothing but a Stall, and a Butcher's Dog asleep in't. Where did you see the Voice?

Fran.

Fran. She looks still Angry.

Lance. To her, and meet her, Sir.

Isab. Here, here.

Fran. Yes, Lady, never bless your self, I am but a Man, and like an honest Man now will I thank ye—

Isab. What d'ye mean, who sent for ye, who desir'd ye?

Short. Shall I put out the Flamboy, Madam?

Isab. Can't I go about my private Meditations, ha! but such Companions as you must ruffle me? You had best go with me, Sir?

Fran. 'Twas my purpose.

Isab. Why, what Impudence is this! You had best, being so near the Church, provide a Priest, and perswade me to marry ye.

Fran. It was my meaning; and such a Husband, so loving, so careful. My Youth, and all my Fortune's at your Service.

Isab. 'Tis strange you shou'd be thus unmannerly. Turn Home again, Sirrah. You'd best now force my Man to lead the way.

Fran. Yes marry shall he, Madam. Forward, Friend.

Isab. This is a pretty Riot, it may grow to a Rape.

Fran. D'ye like that better? I can Ravish ye a Hundred times, and not hurt ye.

Short. I see nothing. I'm asleep still. When you have done tell me, and then I'll wake, Madam.

Isab. Are you in earnest, Sir? Do you long to be hang'd?

Fran. Yes indeed do I, Madam, in those fair Arms.

Isab. I shall cry out!

Fran. By no means. That were a weak Trick, Madam. I'll stop your Mouth with Kisses.

Isab. You'll answer all these?

Fran. A thousand Kisses more.

Isab. I was never abus'd thus. You had best give out too that you found me willing, and say I doted on ye.

Fran. That's known already, and no Man living shall carry you from me.

Ifab. This is fine indeed.

Fran. It shall be ten times finer.

Ifab. Well, seeing you are so Valiant, keep your way; I'll go to Church.

Fran. And I'll wait on you.

Ifab. And it's very likely there's a Priest, if you dare venture, as you pretend. I'd wish you look about ye, for if Men do these rude Tricks, you know the Recompence, and trust not to my Mercy.

Fran. But I will, Madam.

Ifab. For I'll so handle ye.

Fran. That's it I look for.

Ifab. Afore, thou Dreamer.

Short. Have ye done?

Ifab. Go on, Sir——and follow if you dare.

Fran. If I do not, hang me.

Lance. 'Tis thine own, Boy, an 'twere a Million. God a Mercy Wine, when wou'd small Beer a done this? [*Exeunt.*

Enter Widow.

Wid. I wonder *Humphry* is not come back yet from *Valentine*——O here he is——Well, have you met with him?

Humph. Yes, Madam.

Wid. And will he come presently?

Humph. He's here, Madam. He's the rarest wild Man, and Jokes the pureliest——

Enter Valentine, and Servant.

Wid. O you're a fine Gallant! Send off your Servant, pray. [*Exit Ser.*

Val. She will not Ravish me sure? By this Light she Looks as sharp-set as a Sparrow-Hawk. What wou'd ye, Madam?

Wid. O you have us'd me finely, and like a Gentleman. This it is to trust to you.

Val. Trust to me, for what?

Wid. Because I said in Jest once you were a handsom Man, one I cou'd like well; and fooling made ye believe I lov'd ye, and might be brought to marry ye——You, out of this, which
is

is fine Discretion, give out, the Matter's done, you have won and wedded me. And that you've put, fairly put for an Heir too. These are fine Rumours to advance my Credit. I'th' Name of Mischief, what did you mean?

Val. That you lov'd me, and that you might be brought to marry me! Why, what a Devil do you mean, Madam?

Wid. 'Twas a fine thing too, to tell the World, that tho' you had enjoy'd your first Wish, you mis'd the Wealth you aim'd at; that I was Poor, which 'tis true I am, having sold all my Lands, because I love not those Vexations.

Val. I tell ye, Madam, I like ye ten times better, now ye have no Lands, for now your Hopes and Care lie on a Husband, if e'er you marry again.

Wid. Have not you marry'd me, and for this main Cause too, as you give out, to be your Nurse?

Val. To be my Nurse? Why what am I grown too; give me the Glafs, my Nurse.

Wid. You ne'er said truer; I must confess I did a little fancy ye, and with some Labour might ha' been perswaded. But when I found I must be hourly troubled with making Broaths, with swadling and stitching up your Ruins; for so the World reports——

Val. Don't provoke me!

Wid. And half an Eye may see.

Val. Do not provoke me! The World's a lying World, and you shall find it. Have a good Heart, and a strong Faith, and mark what follows. My Nurse, yes, you shall Rock me: *Widow* I'll keep you waking.

Wid. You are dispos'd, Sir——

Val. Yes marry am I, Madam, and you shall find it. Nay, and they touch my Freehold once, I'm a Tyger.

Wid. I think so.

Val. Come.

Wid. Whether?

Val. Any whether.

Wit without Mony.

S I N G S.

*The Fit's upon me now, the Fit's upon me now,
Come quickly gentle Lady, the Fit's upon me now;
The World shall know they're Fools,
And so shalt thou do too,
Let the Cobler mend with his Tools,
The Fit's upon me now.*

Take me quickly, while I'm in this Vein, away with me, for
if I have but two Hours to consider, all the Women in the
World can't recover me. [Exeunt

Enter Merchant and Uncle, severally.

Mer. Well met again—and what good News yet?

Uncle. Faith nothing.

Mer. No Fruits of what we sow'd?

Uncle. Nothing that I hear of.

Mer. No turning of this Tide yet?

Uncle. 'Tis all Flood, and 'till that fall again, there's no ex-
pecting.

Enter Francisco, Isabella, Lance, Shorthose with a Flamboy.

Mer. Is not this his younger Brother *Uncle*? with a Gentle-
woman, the Widow's Sister, as I live, he smiles, he has got good
hold. Well said, *Frank*, I faith. Let's stay and mark.

Isab. Well, you are the prettiest Youth, and so you've
handled me. You think you have me sure now?

Fran. As sure as Wedlock.

Isab. You had best go to Bed with me?

Fran. Yes indeed will I, and get such Black-ey'd Boys—

Uncle. 'Gad ha' mercy. *Frank.*

Isab. 'Tis a merry World, poor simple Women that think
no harm, can't be going about their Business, but they must
be catcht up I know not how.

Fran. I tell you how, and I'll instruct ye too. Have I
caught you, Madam?

Isab. Well, if 'twere not for pure Pity, I would give you
the slip yet. But since 'tis as 'tis—
Fran.

Wit without Mony.

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Fran. I shall be better.

Enter Valentine, Widow, and Ralph with a Flamboy.

Isab. My Sister as I live, and your Brother with her!

Uncle. Now it works.

Val. Nay, you shall know I am a Man.

Wid. I think so.

Val. And such Proof you shall have——

Wid. Pray speak softly, I did but jest with you; are you Mad?

Val. I am Mad, stark Mad.

Fran. Good morrow, Sir, I like your Preparation.

Val. Thou hast been at it, *Frank*?

Fran. Yes Faith, 'tis done, Sir.

Val. Along with me then. Never flinch, Madam.

Isab. 'Tis to no purpose, Sister.

Val. Well said Black-brows. Advance your Flamboys, Gentlemen.

Ralph. Yes, yes, Sir.

Val. And keep your Ranks.

Mer. Lance, carry this before him. [*Giving the Mortgage,*

Uncle. Carry it in State. *of Val's Estate.*

Enter Fiddlers, Fountain, Hairbrain and Bellamore.

Val. And what are you, Musicians? Who are those behind ye?

Mus. Gentlemen that sent us to give the Lady a good morrow.

Val. I know 'em. Come let us hear your Musick. Come forward, Gentlemen, ye are welcome, very welcome; now we are all Friends. Go get the Priest ready, and let him not be long, we have much Business.

Come, *Frank*, rejoice with me, thou hast got the Start, Boy; But I'll so tumble after. Come, my Friend, lead, Lead chearfully, and let your Fiddles ring, Boys.

My Follies, and my Fancies have an end here.

Display the Mortgage, *Lance*. *Merchant* I'll pay ye, And every thing shall be in Joint again.

And now confess, and know,

Wit without Mony sometimes gives the Blow.

Exeunt.

EPI.

EPILOGUE.

AS when Short-Cloak-Comedian, from aloft,
Disbands his Flock; Elders with Whispers soft,
Under brusht Beavers, rowl their poacht Egg-Eyes,
And each one something to himself applies:
So you, we know, will still on these Occasions,
On what you've heard, make several Observations.

Wit without Mony! says a graver Cit,
What Mortal without Mony e'er had Wit?
Yes, yes, some few of such are in the Pit.
And some Pretenders make a mighty Pother
Of Wit and Mony, without one or t'other.

A beauteous Circle there must needs admire
Our tender Isabella's generous Fire.
Our Widow, tho' she's Chast and Pure, inclines
Some Heart to think again of Valentine's.
Perhaps then some grave Widow may find Fault here,
And vow she never more will bring her Daughter,
Knowing b' Experience, that Example may
Lead a warm Virgin's forward Thoughts astray.
And maybe too, some prick-ear'd Saints, who join
In Reformation's laudable Design,
Come to spy Faults; and with malicious Care,
And out-stretch'd Ears Prophane's hope to hear,
And then next Term Indict th' unwary Player:
But for their Comfort they have had to Day,
An unexceptionable sober Play,
So all I hope part pleas'd, nay even they.

F I N I S.

